

# **Mockingjay: Broken Wings Outtakes**

## **Chapter 1: Pay Up!, a hunger games fanfic | FanFiction**

**Summarize**

**Mockingjay: Broken Wings Outtakes**

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**Chapter One: Pay Up!**

**DO NOT READ IF YOU ARE NOT 18! If you do not believe that K/P had a healthy, loving sexual relationship...DON'T READ! LEMONS PEOPLE! (SEX...hot steamy SEX!)**

**This story goes hand in hand with Mockingjay: Broken Wings, and shows you some of the moments that occur between K/P that I couldn't include due to the graphic content. This chapter**

**relates to the prologue in which K/P made a trip into the woods. It's a...prequel of sorts to CF:RO as you will read about moments prior to them entering the Quell, but it will also have chapters based on them after Peeta gets to Thirteen.**

**Thanks to A, my beta who never lets me down. You're AMAZING! I bombarded A with a combination of four chapters this week, and he didn't bat an eye.**

**If you want to find out what's going on with my stories, please follow me on tumblr at: [jamiesommers23 dot tumblr dot com](http://jamiesommers23.tumblr.com).**

**And now, the first chapter of...**

### **Mockingjay: Broken Wings Outtakes**

The tiny neighborhood known as Victor's Village in District Twelve was quiet in the early morning light, a striking contrast to the rest of the district which was bustling with shop owners preparing to open for business, children doing chores before they got ready for school, and miners walking to and from the coalmine. The window Katniss and Peeta had left cracked open when they left early that morning for the woods was a welcomed sight. All Katniss wanted to do was head up the stairs and go straight to sleep.

"Where do you think you're going?" Peeta asked Katniss as she walked up the stairs leading to their bedroom.

"Back to bed," she answered without bothering to look at him. "You woke me up at two in the morning and I'm tired. I want to go back to sleep."

"Yeah," he called out to her from the bottom of the staircase, "I believe I won a bet this morning and you're supposed to do what I want." She

froze before setting her foot on the top step. Peeta bit back his grin, "without arguing," he added knowing that that comment alone would probably bring one on.

Katniss slowly turned to face him. "Are you seriously going to hold me to that bet?" The terms of the bet were simple. The first person to cave in and touch the other in an intimate manner lost. Katniss kissed Peeta, at his request, but she was still the one that made the first move. She took each step leading towards her husband, who wore a cocky grin, at a leisurely pace trying to decide if she was going to play along or make him regret it. 'He does look awfully cute standing there,' she thought to herself. His hair was slightly disheveled, his cheeks held a rosy glow from their brisk walk through the village, and she couldn't deny that the Career training he had been putting them through had provided him with a striking physique. "Okay, Peeta," she made her way back down the stairs, stood on the step above him and leaned her arms on his shoulders. "What's the first thing you want me to do?" She used her best seductive voice hoping to lure him into the bedroom.

"Hmmm," he ran a hand over her rump. "You did leave those pretty undergarments in the woods," a flimsy top and bottom Cinna had designed for her to wear after they were married. Katniss had left them behind that morning after they made love under a cluster of willow trees. "Maybe you should go put some underwear on Katniss?" Peeta gave her bottom a playful smack. "This kitchen really needs to be cleaned and I'm not much in the mood for cleaning."

Katniss stood there with her jaw dropped as Peeta headed into their living room. "You want me to...clean the kitchen?"

"In your underwear," he called out to her.

"Ooooh," she grit her teeth. "You...argh!" Katniss stormed up the stairs, pounding her feet against each one and started the day from hell. "I cannot believe I'm agreeing to this," she was talking to herself at a ridiculously rapid rate. "You should be the one doing things for me. You asked me to kiss you..." she stopped throwing her clothes on the ground when she realized, 'Yes and then *you* kissed *him*. You lost the bet.' "Damn it!" She threw her boot across the room. Losing was not one of her favorite things to do.

"That kitchen isn't going to clean itself Katniss!" She heard Peeta calling up to her with laughter in his voice.

"Hmmm," Katniss pulled out some basic undergarments giving them a quick examination, then tossed them to the side and opted to search through the boxes of lingerie that Cinna had created for her to wear during her honeymoon with Peeta. "Oh," she whispered to herself, "this is perfect." Katniss pulled out a miniscule red lace bra and a pair of very tiny underwear to match. 'Two can play this game, Mellark. Let's see how long you're able to watch me clean while I'm wearing this,' and headed back into the kitchen with her hair done in two braids, a flash from the past that always got his blood pumping. "Where should I start?" She asked as he poured himself a cup of tea.

"You want some..." Peeta couldn't believe his eyes. He had never seen Katniss walk around their house showing so much skin before. The red lace bra had her breasts pushed up and barely covered them. The bottoms looked like a swatch of red lace held together with strings, and when she turned around... "Um...so..." he swallowed, "You're going to wear *that* to clean?"

Sexy was not something she was particularly good at, but she tried her best as she slowly made her way towards him, ran a couple of fingers up his chest and said, "Well, you did say underwear."

"Yeah, but," Peeta glanced down then back up, "Katniss your entire butt is sticking out of this thing."

She turned around, her back facing him and looked over her shoulder. "That's not going to distract you from anything important, is it?"

Peeta knew what she was up to, and now she was going to pay. He playfully slapped a bare cheek and said, "Nope. I was going to paint anyway." As he walked from the kitchen towards the stairs he called to her, "Make sure you do a good job on that oven. You really burned the hell out of it with that fire last night."

"Wha..." Katniss' jaw hit the ground. She was certain he'd be all over her after seeing her dressed, or undressed, but Peeta blew it off like her being scantily clad did nothing for him. "Forget it," she brushed past him on the staircase leading up to their room.

"Where do you think you're going?" He asked her as he admired the way her rump moved with each step she took.

"To change! I'm not cleaning in this thing!"

"Sorry," he headed down the hallway towards the spare bedroom he used as an art studio. "You're the one that put those on, now you're going to have to suffer the consequences."

Katniss stood at one end of the hall with a hand on her hip. "Peeta if you make me clean in this..."

"Tell you what," he was willing to put the whole bet to rest considering how incredible she looked, "why don't we make another bet? If you can make it five minutes without complaining about having to clean, I'll let the whole thing go. If not, you've got to wear that to clean the kitchen." In a way he was hoping he'd lose.

"Deal!"

"Deal," Peeta grinned at her. "When you're done with the kitchen there's some laundry that needs to be folded and put away."

"You think I'm doing laundry? Oh, there is no way on earth..." Katniss' hand clapped over her mouth.

"Wow! That's got to be a new record," Peeta laughed. "I gave you five minutes and it took you five seconds."

Katniss scrunched her face and said, "Oh...bite me!"

"Later," he said over his shoulder as he stepped into his makeshift studio. He had stopped himself from letting her out of the bet too many times over the course of the morning, and then she'd bend over and wipe out the oven while he stole a peek from upstairs and his blood would start to pump, his heart would race, and Peeta wondered how long she'd put up with his antics. He was ready to let it all go when he saw her putting away their folded laundry, reminding himself to refold it when she wasn't around, and saw her stomping her frustrations across the kitchen with a handful of kitchen towels. "Hey, look who's here," Peeta reached out and ran a hand over Buttercup's fur.

He was just about to lift the cat up and tell Katniss the animal wasn't so bad and she should give him a chance, but then she asked. "How the hell did that *thing* get it?" Katniss glared at it and the cat hissed. "Yeah, well...I hate you right back."

"Wow, you two really need to work through these issues," Peeta gave the cat another scratch and said, "Go home, Buttercup. Katniss is grouchy."

"Grouchy?" The few towels she had in her hands were tossed aside. "I am not grouchy, and why the hell is that cat listening to you?" She watched as Buttercup stood at their front door waiting to be released from their dwelling. "You've got to be kidding me." Katniss stood back as Peeta opened the front door and the cat left their home like it had been an invited guest. "That thing is spooky."

"He's smart. Ugly as sin, but smart as a whip." Peeta turned the lock on the door. The sight of Katniss standing there, a smudge of grime on her forehead, the tops of her breasts bulging out of the red lace bra, the see through lace triangle that barely hid a thing, had finally been his undoing. "Katniss," he said in a low and seductive voice. "I think you're done with your chores for the day."

"It's about time," she complained. She had spent the better part of the morning trying her best to get him to come out of his hiding spot and rescue her from the domestic nightmare she was going through. She had bent over when she felt his eyes staring at her, given herself several long stretches, pushing her breasts out of the top of her bra and still, he did nothing. The only thing getting her through the cleaning process was imagining Peeta using his new found power in an enticing manner instead of torturing her with housework.

"You've got soot on your head," Peeta grabbed a towel and wiped it off of her brow then placed a kiss there. "Much better," he breathed into her ear.

"I hope you're not thinking you can just waltz over here and have your way with me," Katniss stood with her hand on her hip, hoping that's exactly what he was thinking. "That bet to tell me what to do will only take you so far."

Peeta gave her a little nod and said, "Yup." he flicked his tongue against her earlobe, "I know." He brushed his open lips against her neck then back up to her ear. "Kiss me, Katniss."

'You did lose a bet,' she told herself as she latched onto his lips. The feeling of his hands skimming down her backside had her delving into his mouth for more. Her body was lifted off of the floor, her toes dangling in the air, as Peeta set her on their kitchen table. "What are you doing?" Her eyes flew open as he ran the flat of his hands down her lace covered breasts.

"What's this called?" He stuck his finger into the tiny string that ran around her body and down her backside.

"Um..." Katniss couldn't think straight when Peeta began to trail his lips over the freckles under her hipbone. "Ribbons and Lace," she told him the name Cinna had given the garment and took a breath in a frail attempt to control her already racing heart. "Peeta, this is the kitchen table."

"I know what it is, Katniss," his eyes looked longingly up her body. "I can stop if you want me to," he said as he placed a kiss over the lace covered vee between her legs. "But I don't think you want me to."

She leaned back on her elbows and let her head fall backwards. "What are you doing to me?"

Peeta skimmed his hands slowly up her inner thighs, placed a light kiss against the spot he loved most on her body, a cluster of freckles underneath her left hipbone and whispered against her skin, "What you've been begging me for all morning long."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said with a catch in her voice. "I've been clean..." she sucked a quick breath in, her chest rose



as quickly as it fell the moment she felt the tip of his tongue flick lightly across her skin.

"Your body doesn't have one natural blemish...no marks with the exception of these," his fingers played just below her hip. "I love these." He kissed them again to prove his point. "What do you want, Katniss?" He asked as he trailed his lips up her stomach...ribs...between her breasts... "Tell me what you want me to do to you and I'll do it."

She loved what he was currently doing. He had a way of making her whole body ache for him. "I thought I was supposed to do what you said. Didn't I lose the bet?"

A flicker of excitement flamed in his eyes. "In that case..." He dipped his tongue teasingly between her lips, slowly lavishing them then pulled a breath away from her. The heat flowing between them grew. A hot source of passion in the midst of a cool kitchen. Peeta ran his hands down the sides of her body, loving the feel of her delicate skin as it dipped inwards at her waist, flared outwards at her hips. He hooked his thumbs beneath the red satin ribbons holding her garment in place and gingerly removed it.

Katniss pulled her legs closer together as Peeta peeled the tiny swatch of fabric off of her body, her toes pointed and flexed at the touch of his skin against hers. Thoughts of their morning together, making love to each other beneath the willow trees right after the sun rose, brought wanton images to her mind. Would he actually tell her to do something and expect her to bow to his whim without arguments as the rules of their flirtatious bet dictated, or would he simply make love to her? The question she posed to herself was answered when she heard his voice telling her to lick her lips. She had no clue why she was being so overly obedient, the truth was their bet meant nothing to

her, but she did what he asked out of curiosity, wondering how far he would take the terms of their bet to heart.

The pink tip of her tongue inching out from between Katniss' mouth had Peeta entranced. He was suddenly jealous of her lips. Envious of the moist tongue that slid across the seam of her mouth leaving them glistening and accentuating their fullness. The heat of her excitement radiated from between her thighs against his skin as he kissed his way up her body. "I want to feel your mouth wrapped around me so badly, I can barely breathe," he whispered throatily against her lips. "Will you do that for me, Katniss?"

She peeled off his shirt...his pants and stood in front of him without saying a word until the last of his clothing lay in a pile at their feet. "Yes, Peeta," her husky answer to his request came out before dropping to her knees and taking him in hand.

Peeta wasn't sure if the surge of blood that ran through him was caused because of what she was about to do or the fact that she simply said yes to him. The feel of her fingers slowly taking hold of him, guiding him to her mouth caused him to suck in a sharp breath. As his eyes drifted down to see what she was doing his whole body shook with anticipation. The sight of her in two braids, her hair sticking out in several different places from the housework she had done earlier took nothing away from her stunning features. Peeta reached down and placed his hands on either side of her face, slowly guiding her mouth back and forth over his burning desire for her. Her tongue swirled around, up and down until that part of his body was drenched in her saliva. Her hands ran up and down his thighs...hips, until one skimmed across his buttocks and pushed him further into her mouth. "Dear God, Katniss," the words escaped from his mouth without him even realizing it.

Katniss took him in hand, pulled away from him and let her eyes trail up his body. "Tell me what you want me to do and I'll do it." She continued to stroke him as she spoke. Her mouth went back to work on him. She loved it when she was able to bring pleasure to him. Watching him lose all inhibitions, letting himself enjoy her pleasing actions, it made her feel like she could accomplish anything. She could tell when he would get overly excited by the way his body responded. The sounds of his heavy breathing, the way his legs would tense up, the sounds he made and the way a certain part of his body swelled...vibrated against her tongue. She wanted this, wanted to feel him do this to her too, but she wasn't going to stop until he asked her to, even if that meant she didn't stop until he reached his climactic finish. Things like this weren't meant for her, they were always meant for him. She knew Peeta put her needs first, but Katniss did the same for him. Finding the act of giving was so much better than receiving.

Peeta's words barely came out. "You have to stop, Katniss" He missed it the second she removed her lips from his body. He lifted her back onto the table, reached behind her back and unhooked her bra sliding it off of her arms, dropping it into their heap of clothes. "Lay back," he gently ordered and saw the question in her eyes. "You told me all I had to do was tell you what I want. I want to do this." His hand gently pushed her shoulders back until she was laying across their kitchen table with her legs hanging off of it. "Tell me this is okay," he spoke as he moved his mouth down her throat. "I want to do this so badly, Katniss." He took a rose tipped breast into his mouth and lavished it. "Say it's okay." He kissed his way down her stomach, felt it tighten beneath his lips, trailed his tongue over her cluster of freckles and said from between her legs, "Tell me you want this too." He placed a soft kiss against her mound. "Do you want this, Katniss?"

A kitchen table in the middle of the afternoon was not what Katniss ever imagined married people did together, yet in an instant her life

went from ordinary to extraordinary with the touch of Peeta's lips against her skin. She nodded her head yes granting him permission, but Peeta shook his head from side to side telling her that wasn't good enough.

"Say it. Tell me you want this too." He flicked the tip of his tongue against the inner part of her thigh.

"I..." she arched her back when his fingers spread her apart. "Yes, Peeta. I want this." His tongue glided up and down her intimate secret. Lapping softly, dipping in, then gliding around the little nub that caused her toes to curl. Her hands automatically reached for the back of his head, holding him in place as sounds of pleasure escaped from between her lips. He had done this to her twice before and Katniss was sure she was going to explode with desire both times. This time she allowed herself to enjoy each and every movement his tongue made against her flesh. The heat of his breath, the feeling of his hair tangled between her fingers. She allowed herself to drown in love until he brought her to the edge of ecstasy and pushed her over the brink. She had expected him to stop after crying out his name, but he didn't. Instead he continued to trail kisses between her thighs, up and down her legs, ran his hands over her hips until he dragged his mouth up her body and let his lips linger at her ear.

"I've been dying to do that to you all day long." There was a rasping in Peeta's voice as he spoke to her and a desperate need to live out what he had been fantasizing about since she walked downstairs wearing Cinna's little design. "Wrap your legs around my waist," he gently ordered her, but she didn't move. "Now," it had to be now. He couldn't wait anymore. The sound of her moaning in his ear made him momentarily wonder if she actually liked him telling her what to do. He picked her up and carried her with her legs and arms wrapped around his body, to their living room floor.

"Here?" She asked shyly.

"Yes," his mouth attacked hers and again she began to make the sounds that drove him wild. "God, I love those noises," he pulled away from her and watched her face as she bit her lip. "That's my job," he leaned down and flicked his tongue against her mouth then gently took her bottom lip between his teeth. "Touch me," he said between their kiss, but when her hand began to travel downward he stopped her with his words. "Not with your hand Katniss. I want you to rub yourself against me."

"Oh God," She lifted her hips slightly up off of the floor and began moving back and forth against his arousal. "What else? What do you want me to do?" She was suddenly thrilled with the prospect of being at his mercy.

Peeta found himself enjoying this little game they were playing. He had to stop and think for a second about what he wanted from her, and then he said, "Roll over." He got up on his knees and watched her as she quickly got to her stomach. "On your hands and knees." She obliged without any complaints and dropped her head down when he slid himself inside of her. His breath started coming out in little pants as he took hold of her hips, moving her back and forth, sliding her body over his.

Katniss threw her head back when she felt him curl over her and trail his lips up and down her spine. "God, I love that."

He knew. He knew everything she liked, or so he thought. "What else do you like?" She answered with a groan and a flip of her head. He could feel her body tightening around him every time his voice got more authoritative.

"I..." she couldn't think straight. "I like it when you wrap my braid around your hand." The slight tug of her hair when Peeta took both dangling braids caused her to cry out even louder. The feeling of his body swelling inside of her, gliding to the edge and slipping effortlessly back in, in slow powerful motion had her grinding herself against him.

With each thrust he could feel her clench around him, gripping him, holding him deep inside. He released her hair, reached around her upper body taking hold of her breasts in his hands, gently squeezing the tip of each one causing her to moan in pleasure. His hips moved faster, his hands slower as her body stopped moving entirely.

Each muscle in her body froze as Peeta brought her to the edge of ecstasy, not quite pushing her over the brink. Her back arched of its own accord, her head fell forward, her toes curled up into balls as Peeta's skillful hands played against her tingling skin. Her screams were louder than she expected, she was holding nothing back, the level of excitement continued to grow when Peeta clamped his arms around her body, her breasts flattened with one arm, her waist secure with the other, and his upper body pressed against her back.

How did he get close enough to her? Nothing seemed to satisfy him today. He pulled her body against his own, pressed his lips against her ear and choked out, "I need more."

More? What more could she give to him? "Stop," her voice gravely. She wanted to adjust her position with him, but he refused to halt his movements. "Peeta," she choked out, "stop moving."

"No."

Her entire body tingled when he refused her. "I just want to..."

"Shut up, Katniss," he said it forcefully. The hint of aggression in his voice thrilled her. "I'm the one that gets to tell you what to do, remember?"

She remembered, and boy was it driving her wild. He had never been so demanding before. It was completely out of character for him. The word wicked popped into her head. A slightly evil version of Peeta was taking more from their love making which caused her toes to curl and her fists to ball up. The pressure was building deep within her stomach, the familiar tightness that told her she was close to reaching climax. Peeta must have sensed it because his hand that was around her waist traveled between her legs and began taunting her...teasing her between her folds. She couldn't say a word. All she could do was pant out her excitement, and let her heart's rapid beating thump through her chest.

"Do you really want me to stop?" Peeta had thought her silence signaled displeasure. His movements began to slow down to almost a complete stop.

"NO!" She screamed out at him.

His brows shot upwards when he realized she was enjoying this. A strangled moan escaped from between his lips as he pulled himself out of her and rolled her onto her back. "Then why did you say stop?"

Katniss was laying there, unsatisfied, yearning for completion. She raised her arms to him, hoping to encourage him to rejoin their union. "I just wanted to roll over."

"So you wanted to be on your back?" Her squirms across the floor were difficult to resist, but he was determined to show that he knew how much she was enjoying their little cat and mouse game.

"Yes," she breathed out. "Peeta, come down here." She stared up at his kneeling form taking it all in. His muscular body, blue eyes sparkling with a hint of determination in them, rosy cheeks, sweat forming at his temples and the one thing she wanted buried deep inside of her. "Please," she begged and moved her legs slightly open.

Peeta shook his head. "I thought today was about what I wanted, Katniss." He leaned over her and pressed himself into her stomach. "You're not going back on our bet are you?" She didn't say a word, just shook her head from side to side. "Good." His mouth sought out one of her breasts and began sucking at the hardened tip. His hands held her hips still so she couldn't raise them off of the ground, and though he had been on the edge of exploding the need to make her wait for him was just too tempting. Katniss was always so in control of herself that seeing her this way made him feel powerful. His switched to her other breast and pressed himself against her, rubbed himself back and forth against her smooth skin.

"Dear God, Peeta! Come on!" Frustration took on a new meaning at that moment.

Peeta let out a little chuckle against her skin then shut her up with his lips. Her tongue plunged into his mouth, swirling, dipping, dancing with his. Peeta's fingers dug slightly into her flesh and Katniss' groan of pleasure set his soul on fire. He reached between them and moved himself up and down between her legs, listened to her hungry mews between their kiss and drove her slowly towards insanity by pulling away from her again. "You want this really badly, don't you?"

Katniss' eyes were on fire. "Like you don't!?" She was up on her elbows. "What are you doing? Why won't you..."



His hand reached out and tugged her hair, exposing her neck to him. His mouth traveled down her throat then back up to her lips. "Katniss," he gave her chin a little suck. "How badly do you want me?"

She reached down and grabbed his hand, guided it between their bodies and let him feel how much she wanted him.

"That's pretty badly," his Cheshire like grin played upon his lips. "If you want me, then you'll have to take me." He rolled onto his back next to her, and waited.

He had been driving her crazy with desire for what felt like hours, and now Katniss was finally going to be able to get what she wanted. She climbed on top of him, took him in hand and glided him inside of her wet slit. Her head fell backwards as he entered her. Her mouth had gone dry, licking her lips did nothing. Her breathing was completely out of control, the air felt hot and thick. Her thighs were weak, her arms even weaker as she collapsed onto his body and began moving her hips up and down. She could feel his hands grip her and start moving her faster and faster until she had no choice but to stop moving all together. She may have been on top of him, but Peeta was clearly in charge of their rhythmic pace.

Katniss' hands found their way into his hair as her body lay almost limply on top of him. He knew he had taken all he could from her and now it was time to give back. He manipulated her motions, guiding her in a way that took him to the very end of her then thrusting deep within. Every few seconds he could feel her twitch, hear her whimpering until finally she dug her fingers into his scalp and buried her face in his neck. Her strangled cries, the way her body clamped down around him was the pinnacle of his desire as he pulled himself from her and released himself between their bodies.

The feeling of Peeta's pleasure flowing between them had Katniss' bite down on his shoulder as she erupted. Hot sparks of white light danced behind her close eyelids, as that certain part of her body convulsed, clenched...screamed out its own cry of satisfaction.

Peeta could feel Katniss' heart racing against his chest and heard a tiny, ow come from her as she lifted herself off of him. "Did I hurt you?" He was suddenly sure he had gone too far. "Katniss, I didn't mean to hurt you."

"You didn't," she rolled onto her side, facing him. "My muscles are just a bit sore. Between training, going to the woods before dawn, and housework...I'm beat."

Peeta was flooded with guilt. "Katniss, I'm sorry. I went too far...I...I..."

"Shut up, Peeta." Katniss closed her eyes, exhaustion set in, and curled into his side.

Peeta reached an arm around her and realized Katniss was sound asleep. "Guess I gave you a workout," he laughed quietly to himself. He rested there for a few minutes, his body was almost as tired as hers was, then carried her up to bed. She didn't move a muscle. He was sure she'd stir when he cleaned her up with a warm cloth, but still she didn't move...she didn't move one inch until hours later when his entire body stiffened as a result of a nightmare.

"You okay" She rolled into his arms. The sun was still bright in the sky, yet they were sleeping as though it were the middle of the night.

"I'm fine." He was now that he was awake and had her in his arms.

"Mmkay," she felt great. Tired, but great. She brushed her nose against his chin and whispered sleepily into his neck, "I like evil Peeta."

He let out a little burst of laughter. "Evil Peeta?"

"You were so...*wicked* today." She gave her body a little shimmy. "I liked it."

"Is that why you said stop?" He still wasn't convinced that he didn't hurt her.

"I didn't want you to stop, but I loved it when you said no to me." Again she felt her body give a little shudder when she thought about it.

"So you said stop, but you wanted me to keep going?" Peeta was a bit confused. "Wait a minute," he glanced down at her, "you wanted..." it suddenly stuck him, "you wanted me to take it from you."

"Shut up," she said it with a hint of shame in her voice.

Happiness. That's what he felt coursing through him. "Anytime you want evil...*wicked* Peeta to appear, you let me know. I liked it just as much as you did." There was one thing in particular he absolutely adored. "When you said, 'yes, Peeta,' to me...damn Katniss. I never knew two words could sound so sexy."

"We have to stop talking about this now," she covered her face with one of her hands, and buried it deeper into the spot between his chin and shoulder.

He could feel the heat radiating off of her cheeks and knew she was embarrassed. Why things felt a little weird afterward he had no clue, but they always did. He was sure uncertainty was part of it, they were

still fairly new when it came to intimacy. "Just one more thing, then I'll stop talking about tit."

"What?"

He cleared his throat. "Next time we...uh...okay, if we ever do this again then I'm going to need to know you don't want me to stop even when you say you do."

He was bringing up a very good point. "I'll just tell you to stop."

"That doesn't make any sense, Katniss. You'll have to think of something else to say other than, 'stop,' if you want me to, because otherwise I'm going to think you're just saying it, and you don't mean it," he gave her a little squeeze. "That can be very confusing for a guy."

"Oh," again he brought up a good point. "Think of something non sexual."

"What?" His nose did a little twitch.

"Something completely...*unsexy*." Katniss started thinking. The first thing that came to mind was Haymitch. "Blech," she made a face into his shoulder.

"What are you thinking about that has you sounding like you're going to be sick?"

"Haymitch."

Peeta let out a burst of laughter. "Oh, please don't say Haymitch while we're in the middle of sex. That would put a stop to it for life."

Katniss giggled and stretched out her legs. "Ooh, how about orange?"

"That's my favorite color," Peeta grinned.

"Yeah," Katniss said sheepishly. "I was thinking about Effie's hair, but your favorite color works too."

"Okay," Peeta's face twisted a bit, "You thinking about Haymitch is like me thinking of Effie. We're going to have to base it on my favorite color...or the fruit."

"Works for me. Orange it is." Katniss yawned and stretched. "Time to get up. I'm hungry."

"You're always hungry," Peeta tickled her ribs. "You making lunch?"

"Grilled cheese sandwiches it is," She got out of bed and threw on last night's pajama shirt. "It's the only thing I know how to cook without burning it to a crisp, unless you want to build a fire in our backyard and let me cook over an open flame like I used to do in the woods."

"Grilled cheese and tomato soup sounds perfect." He pulled his pants on.

"You making the soup?" She headed down the stairs.

Peeta followed behind her. "Thought you were making lunch? Hey...aren't you supposed to be doing what I say all day?"

Katniss turned to face him from the bottom step. "If you make me cook in that skimpy thing of Cinna's, I'll be saying orange every single day for eternity."

Peeta lifted up his hands and laughed. "Guess life is back to normal again, huh?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing, Katniss," He continued to laugh and walked around her. "I'm just pretty sure the words, 'yes, Peeta,' won't be coming out of your mouth without an argument first."

Katniss smacked his bottom as she entered the kitchen going for the fridge. "And you wouldn't have it any other way, Mellark."

'No,' he thought to himself as she started swearing and complaining about cooking regardless of whether or not she offered to do it, 'he wouldn't have it any other way at all.'

# **Mockingjay: Broken Wings Outtakes Chapter 2: A Chance to Dream, a hunger**

# games fanfic |

# FanFiction

Summarize

**Mockingjay: Broken Wings Outtakes**

**By: Jamie Sommers**

**Rated M for a reason!**

**Chapter Two: A Chance to Dream**

**For those of you who are following MJ:BW you may recognize some of this story as I decided to use a portion of it and show Peeta's POV instead of just Katniss'. For those of you who aren't reading MJ:BW, I invite you to take a chance and read my stuff. It starts with the 74th Hunger Games Challenge: We Always Were, continues with Catching Fire: Rekindling and I am now in the process of writing the last book, Mockingjay: Broken Wings. DO NOT READ THIS STORY UNLESS YOU ARE 18 OR OLDER! These stories are pretty much nothing but lemons (sex) so don't go reading it if you're underage. I'll have guilt, won't be able to sleep, will have to stop writing because I can't concentrate... it'll be a mess, so head my warning.**

**Thank you A for doing the beta thing. You never falter, and I appreciate that. If you'd like to follow me on tumblr the address is [jamiesommers23 dot tumblr dot com](http://jamiesommers23.tumblr.com).**

**This chapter is a prequel to CF:R, but goes hand in hand with one of my latest MJ:BW chapters.**

### **Mockingjay: Broken Wings Outtakes**

The glass doors that led to the balcony from their master suite were wide open. Sounds of night filtered through to the bedroom. The glow of the moon highlighted the bare skin of Peeta's back as he rested his elbows on the railing. Katniss glanced at the pajama shirt he had taken out for her hanging over a chair, but she didn't need it that night. Cinna had provided her with something else to wear. Over two dozen pieces of lingerie President Snow ordered him to create for Katniss and Peeta's honeymoon while in the Capitol. Many of them were obviously done at Snow's orders, Cinna would have never created something for Katniss that consisted of a swatch of lace and a couple of strings as underwear, but Snow would've ordered them if he thought it would please some of the men she was sure he was planning on selling her to. Of course none of that mattered anymore now that Katniss and Peeta were going back into the arena. No Capitol scum would be reaping the benefits of Cinna's handiwork, only Peeta. Cinna had packed the items in the trunks he brought with him when they did the photo shoot for the wedding and left them with Katniss. She had used a few of them since breaking them out of the boxes that were stored in her closet, and after their day in the Seam in which Peeta and Prim handed out baked goods, and told the kids a story about a knight, 'Peeta the knight and Katniss the fair maiden,' she thought to herself, Katniss felt somewhat like the girl in the fairy tale. Like the man of her dreams was there with her, and pulling out one of Cinna's designs...wearing something beautiful and feminine for



Peeta, was her way of thanking him for giving so much back to the children in their district. Though the nightgown could have easily passed for an actual dress, there was one exception, what happened when the bow that was tied around her waist was undone. Katniss stood to the side of the door so Peeta couldn't see her, but he'd be able to hear her as she spoke, "Peeta, what did Prim tell those kids to say when she waived that stick above my head?"

Peeta stared up into the sky, "Ball gown."

Katniss stepped into the doorway. "What?"

"Ball gown...wow," his heart almost stopped when he turned and saw what she was wearing.

"What do you think?" Katniss held her arms slightly open.

"Cinna?" Peeta asked taking a couple of steps closer to her.

She nodded her head and said, "This one is called Visions of Love," she fidgeted with the robe in an awkward manner, "but I don't know why. You'd think he'd title something red that name." Cinna had named each garment he created.

It was so obvious to Peeta why Cinna entitled the garment that name. "I know why."

"Oh you do?" Katniss always felt a little self-conscious when Peeta walked around her and examined Cinna's items. "So tell me."

Goosebumps broke out across his arms when he trailed his finger over the silver straps that led to an intricately woven criss-cross pattern across her back and around her waist. "It matches our eyes...the silver..." his hand ran down the full skirt and lifted it slightly

off the ground to take a peek at the high heeled slippers that matched, "...the blue. He's used these colors before, but never like this." He released her skirt and trailed his fingers between her breasts, over the lace, and followed it down her belly. "See the way he put the lace on top of the material? The silver peaks out from beneath the blue...the blue stitching...it's so tiny, but...it's there." Peeta lifted his matching blue eyes to hers and Katniss instantly understood the title of the garment. "Yes...Visions of Love is perfect," Peeta said when he saw her eyes staring back at him...eyes the same color as the material he felt between his fingertips.

"What are you doing out here?" Katniss wrapped her arms around him from behind and took in the scent of his skin, "Mmmm, I love the way you smell."

The feeling of her breasts skimming against his back caused an uncontrollable sigh to escape from Peeta. "It's beautiful tonight, isn't it?"

"Mmmm hmmm," Katniss ran her hands over his bare torso, then slid around to the front of him, trailing her hand across his lower back. "It was a beautiful day today too."

"Yeah," he drank in the sight of her. "This really is stunning." He delved into her eyes. "*You're* stunning." His fingers went for the bow, rubbing the soft material between his fingertips. He gave the bow a tiny tug, but Katniss stopped him with her hand.

"Don't pull on that."

"Why not?"

Katniss wrapped her arms around his neck and brushed her lips against his. "Because I don't feel like standing in the middle of our

balcony in a lace robe that doesn't hide a thing, and my nightgown pooled around my ankles."

Peeta's brows shot up, "You mean...this little bow is all that's keeping that on you?" Now he really wanted to pull on the bow.

"Mmm hmm."

'Soft lips,' was all he could think when she kissed him with slow and careful precision. "Cinna really is an artist. Can I please thank him for this one?"

Katniss narrowly glared at him and gave him a scowl. "If you mention that we've been using these things, the only thing you'll see me wearing at night is thermal underwear that covers me from head to toe." Wearing the designs Cinna left behind was one thing, announcing their private moments together was another.

"My lips are sealed," to prove it he placed them against hers in a slow and languid kiss. His tongue swirled, and dipped between her parted lips, stroked her tongue in return then licked lightly against her full bottom lip. "Just so you know...it wouldn't matter if you were covered in burlap from head to toe, I'd still find you just as exquisite," his lips pressed softly against hers as his tongue lightly traced the seam of her mouth. He had to taste her lips once more, "and just as desirable."

"Pig," she said in a teasing manner while tilting her head back inviting him to kiss that spot she loved so much on her neck. "That's all you ever think about." Right now that was all she was thinking about too. Her desire for him and the way he could make her feel.

Peeta trailed kisses down her throat until he reached the crook of her neck and nibbled. "If you had a wife like mine, you'd be thinking about that all the time too."

'I already think of my husband that way,' she thought to herself and lifted her lips in a small smile while letting out a breath of satisfied air. "That feels so good."

He loved the flavor of her skin. "Mmm, you taste like vanilla custard."

"You always say that," she pressed her quickly aching breasts against his bare chest. "I find it difficult to believe that I taste like dessert."

Peeta wagged his brows in a teasing manner. He flicked his tongue against her skin, "Sweet, warm," his lips were slowly making their way towards hers, "velvety smooth."

Their mouths met. Moist lips taking tastes of vanilla custard and, "Cinnamon," Katniss breathed into their kiss. "You taste like cinnamon and brown sugar."

"That's because I ate a piece of pecan ring."

"You didn't eat it all, did you?" Katniss pulled back, giving him a warning look.

"No," he ran his hands over her hips and drew her closer to him. "Even if I did, I'd bake you another if you wanted." He'd do anything for her.

"Being married to a baker has its perks." Katniss ran her hands over Peeta's upper arms, feeling the taught muscles all the years of throwing bags of flour and kneading dough had provided. "Like these," she placed a kiss on his bicep. "And this," she ran the flat of her hand against his well defined stomach. The burning temptation to dip her fingers beneath his waistband and stroke him was quelled. She could just picture them getting caught up in the moment and making love on their balcony. Her hand moved slowly away from the danger zone.

Peeta's features read content, happy, but most of all love when he spoke. "Remember the first time you hugged me beneath the oak tree?" Katniss could never forget that day. "We were so nervous." He touched the tip of her nose with his fingertip. "*You* were petrified."

"So were you," she tilted her head to the side and admired the view she was currently holding in her arms. "You didn't want to kiss me on the lips."

"I wasn't afraid to kiss you on the lips. I was afraid because I knew once I did I'd never be able to stop." He rested his forehead against hers, "Really think we would've been able to control ourselves since Delly and Madge hadn't joined us for lunch that day?" Peeta was well aware of how hard it was for them to refrain from acting upon their desires prior to their wedding. It didn't matter if they had just started dating or had been engaged, the moment they kissed all of their inhibitions would have been out the window.

A rush of emotion shot through Katniss as she recalled her first feelings of desire. "I know for a fact we would've gotten carried away," she kissed his cheek. "I might have been fighting my feelings for you emotionally, but physically...that day...I was pretty much a sappy pile of mush. Probably would have agreed to just about anything."

Peeta threaded his fingers through her hair and gave her a playful scowl. "Sure, now you tell me." They laughed softly together. "Ever wish we did act on those feelings?"

"Sometimes," Katniss admitted. "But we were pretty young and inexperienced at the time."

"I've got news for you, we're still young," Peeta ducked his head down and gave her an exceptionally flirtatious stare, "though not very inexperienced anymore." "Nope. Definitely not inexperienced

anymore,' he thought to himself, 'We've pretty much mastered the art of pleasing each other in a short span of time.'

Katniss' turned her blushing face to the side. "This is a strange conversation," she tucked her hair behind her ear.

"No it's not. I'm telling you about a fantasy of mine." He turned her by the chin to face him. "Don't you have any fantasies, Katniss? Dreams you wish you could explore?"

She gave it some thought, but the only dream she had involved the end of their society as they knew it...the end of the Games, and she was pretty sure that's not what Peeta was talking about. "I don't have fantasies," she answered him.

"I do. Then again, I've been fantasizing about you since the age of twelve." Peeta looked down at Katniss as her jaw dropped and let out a laugh. "What? You think I never had impure thoughts about the girl I was sure I was going to spend my life with?"

"But...but..." Katniss stammered. "You were twelve? Peeta," her tone was scolding, "shame on you."

"I was a twelve year old boy getting ready to hit puberty. Don't go lecturing me for being just like every other boy in the world. It's human nature, Katniss."

"Yes, but...you were just a kid."

"I was old enough to have my name put into the reaping bowl, so why not old enough to think about...certain things," he gave her a playful look and watched as her blush crept up her cheeks. "If it makes you feel any better, I really didn't know much back then, and all I thought about was what it would be like to kiss you."

"Oh," Katniss ducked her head down. "Guess that's not so bad."

"What did you think I was dreaming about throwing you onto the bed and ravishing you?" He laughed into the crook of her neck. "Oh, Katniss," he happily sighed, "those thoughts didn't come until the age of fourteen...okay, maybe thirteen."

"Peeta!" She smacked at his shoulder.

"I'm teasing," he said then immediately thought, 'I'm totally serious.' His huge smile caused her to smile in return. "There were times when my thoughts would drift to something more, but I tried to curb them...until you held my hand and agreed to be my girlfriend. After that, I pretty much let my imagination go wild. The way I figured...those were the perks of being your boyfriend." If she only knew how many times he woke up in the morning with an erection that could have put the one growing in his pants right now, to shame.

"I...uh..." Katniss swallowed. The truth was she had fantasized about things with him too.

"Never thought about me in that way before we got married, Katniss?" Peeta teased her with a knowing tone to his voice. He knew she did.

She really hated it when he read her mind so easily. "No, I did." For some odd reason his bare chest seemed to be glaring at her. "The day we...uh...um..." she blew out a little breath and told herself she was being silly. "The day we hugged for the first time..." she lifted her chest and chin and spilled, "Peeta I had no idea I could want something so badly until I felt you holding me."

He tucked strands of her hair behind her ear and searched her eyes with his. "The truth finally comes out. Katniss Everdeen wanted a...boy," he gasped, faking shock, and watched Katniss try and hide

her smile. He wondered for a brief moment if she would have been ready to accept his love for her back then. The teasing was gone from his voice when Peeta spoke. "Like I said, it's a good thing I didn't kiss you on the lips that day."

"Tell me about it." She rested her head on his shoulder, "But boy did I want you to."

"Guess you do fantasize."

"Yeah," she resigned, "maybe I do."

"Think we shared the same one that day, Katniss," Peeta kissed the top of her head.

They spoke about their fantasies...the possibility of living them out. Of making each other's dreams come true, and when Peeta asked her to dance, telling her it was a dream of his to share one private dance with her, the night grew that much lovelier. Stars danced along with them in the sky as they made small swaying motions across their balcony. They shared so much during those few dances, music that Effie had sent to Peeta from before the Dark Days, Peeta's emotional turmoil while they were apart after their first Games, Katniss' inability to show weakness...letting her head get in the way of her heart, prohibiting her from expressing herself in words... Peeta believed that Katniss could share herself with words, if she were willing to, but Katniss refused to believe it.

When their dances finally ended, and Peeta shut off the music he had turned on for them, a thought that had entered his mind...another dream...fantasy really, came out. "I was thinking, if you weren't already my wife, I'd ask you to marry me tonight. There's something special in the air, don't you think?"



The surge of love that shot through Katniss had her weaving her fingers through his hair, pressing her lips up to his ear and whispering, "I'd say yes. I'd marry you all over again if I could."

Peeta slid his fingers underneath the lace robe that covered her and slipped it off of her shoulders, letting it fall to their feet. "I love you, Katniss."

"I love you back."

He lifted her up, placing her in the center of their bed on her knees. "Let's do it." He knelt in front of her, his eyes drifting upwards in thought. "Hmmm...I say...our twentieth...no. Twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, we can have a big blow out. Renew our wedding vows."

She loved it when he did this. Created a world of make believe where anything was possible. It wasn't something she could do with anyone else, in fact she'd probably think it was stupid, like the time Gale suggested that no one watch the Games. What good did pretending do? But when Peeta did it with her, he had a way of making her believe that their dreams of another life actually could come true. "I could wear an actual wedding dress."

"I'll wear a suit."

"Your dad could make our cake," Katniss rested her arms on his shoulders. "Chocolate."

Peeta placed his hands on her waist, stroked his thumbs just under her breasts. "I'll decorate it. I'm much better at it than he is. No roses."

"Haymitch can finally walk me down the aisle. If he's sober."

"Effie can baby the hell out of me," Peeta's smile lit up the room.

"She already does that." Katniss brushed her nose against his. "She could keep Haymitch sober until after the vows."

"If she hasn't strangled him by then." They both chuckled. "Prim could be a one of those girls that stands up with the bride and hands her a big bunch of flowers."

"What are those girls called again?" Katniss asked.

Peeta shrugged, "No clue, but we'll be calling her Dr. Everdeen by then. Mark my words Katniss, your sister is going to be the first person to make it out of the Seam and into medical school. Dr. Primrose Everdeen. Gosh that would make me so proud."

"Me too," Katniss smiled at him. Life felt impossibly good in the arms of Peeta Mellark. "Sounds like all of our dreams are coming true."

"Sort of," Peeta tilted his head to the side and leaned in, "There's still a dream of mine I haven't fulfilled yet."

"What's that?" Katniss leaned closer to him and felt his lips brush against hers.

"To see what happens when I pull this thing." Peeta's fingers reached for the bow at the front of her dress and tugged. The garment slipped off her of shoulders, staying up since her arms were still wrapped around his neck.

"Who am I to stand in the way of a man's dreams?" Katniss leaned in and placed a hungry kiss on his lips, dropped her hands to her sides, and brushed the tips of her stiff nipples against his skin.

Peeta pulled back and looked into her eyes, "That's two dreams you made come true tonight, Mrs. Mellark."

As she slipped her arms around his waist she whispered against his lips, "What do you say we go for three?"

"Three?" Peeta skimmed his hands up her arms, and over her bare shoulders. "I didn't say I had a third dream to fulfill, unless you have one..."

Katniss closed her eyes, took in a slow, deep breath, and said, "You...you're my dream come true."

How did he not cry at her declaration? He gripped her face in his hands and drew her lips to his. "I love you."

She would have said it back if her mouth was free, but Peeta held her against him, swirled his tongue against hers, dipped, brushed, tasted... Their swollen lips pulled apart, a thin strand of saliva between their glossy mouths. One second, maybe less, passed before they dove in for another. Katniss pressed her breasts, their rigid tips, into Peeta's muscular chest. She wrapped her arms around him, one around his neck, the other around his torso, as he mirrored her position.

Peeta reached a hand out towards their bed, and led her down to a laying position. Their kiss finally broken, but their connection still held. He held her fingers in his hand, lifted them to his lips and kissed them, then placed them against his thumping heart. If she could somehow feel the amount of love he had for her by the beats of his heart, she'd know how strong it was.

The nightgown she wore was wrapped around her slipper covered feet. The silk material skimmed across her skin as she reached blindly to yank it away, but Peeta's hands stopped her. He pulled her fingers to his lips and kissed them, causing a shiver to rush up her spine. She pressed her palm against his chest and felt the strong beat of his

heart, 'Our hearts,' she thought to herself. Hers was gone...given to Peeta long ago. She wished she could let him feel what she felt. "Peeta," she said desperately as she dug her fingers into his chest. Their days...nights were quickly coming to an end. The arena waited for them. Tears filled her eyes, they had been happening at the most inconvenient times lately, as she pressed her lips against his. The feeling of his body rolling her onto her back stirred her senses.

He needed her. He needed to show her how much she meant to him. How much their time together on this earth made him feel like he was worth so much more than anyone ever made him feel. He ran his hands down her body, along the sides of her breasts, down her torso, across the curve of her waist...the flair of her hips, and reached downwards towards her thighs, then back up the same path they traveled down. 'warmth,' was what flashed through his mind. Her skin felt warm, provided a heat source that ignited a fire deep within his core. "Katniss," he broke away from her lips and reached down, pulled his pajama pants off and tossed them along with his boxers to the side. Her legs were still wrapped in a puddle of silk and lace, her feet encased in open toe, backless heels. He knelt up and removed the gown Cinna had created then slid one slipper off of her tiny foot, then the other. He kissed the arch of one, then trailed his lips up her calf, placed a kiss against her knee...the inner part of her thigh, across her cluster of freckles beneath her hip, the hipbone...

Her eyes traveled down his body. 'Perfect,' was what came to mind when she looked at it. He was her perfect match in every way. The light blond hairs that grew from beneath his navel into a patch of invisible fuzz across his belly...down to the one part of him meant only for her eyes...her touch... Katniss' lids drifted to half mass as Peeta lovingly made his way up her body until his lips met hers once again in a soft exploration of want...need...love. The heat of his erection burned into her stomach. She needed to feel it, the smooth skin that

was a direct contradiction to its hardness, amazed her. Her hand ducked between their bodies. Searching. Reaching. Gripping. Stroking.

A strangled, "Aahh," escaped from his lips when she reached her destination. He felt her push slightly on his shoulder, a signal for him to roll onto his back, and Peeta followed his wife's unspoken request. He held his breath when she bent over him, her backside facing upward, and took him into her mouth. Peeta's hands roamed over her bare back, around the apple of her bottom and brushed between her legs. He wanted to do something, but he didn't know what she'd do...how she'd react. Peeta followed his instincts, most of all he followed his heart, and lifted her leg over his chest, reaching his head upwards he tasted her moist center.

She hadn't expected him to do that, but now that he was, Katniss lapped at her husband with renewed vigor. She pressed herself downward onto his stroking tongue, giving him easier access to the spot that would cause her to explode. White hot sparks flashed behind her closed eyelids as her stomach tightened, and her body poured out her excitement onto Peeta's busy tongue. She had to lift herself off of him and let out a loud, "Oh God," before going back to work on his slick member. She sucked gently at him as she rubbed her tongue up and down his velvety smooth, hot surface. Her hands cupped, stroked as his mouth sucked, his tongue delved. She had never imagined two people doing such a thing, but she didn't care if this was what normal married people did or not. It was what she and Peeta were doing, and it felt good. More than good. It felt right.

As much as he loved what she was doing, he needed to unite them, to bring them together. To feel her surround him. Peeta stroked her back, her thigh, then slipped out from underneath her. There were no words spoken but for a few cries of passion and declarations of love as he

reached out and stopped her motions with the touch of his hand. Her eyes locked with his as she climbed up his body, and Peeta could feel the emotional charge shoot right through him. He sat upright, wrapping his arms around her torso as she placed her knees on either side of his legs and rested her arms on his shoulders. The sight of her breasts, their pert tips, had him leaning in and taking one between his lips, lavishing it with swirls of his tongue, then mimicking his actions on the other.

The instant his tongue reached out and touched the tip of her breast, Katniss sucked in a breath. They had never felt so sensitive before, and the motions Peeta was making, the pressure of his mouth sucking her aching bosom caused a warm rush between her thighs. As much as she wanted to feel him inside of her, she wanted to lounge in the warm bath he was treating her body to. Her head fell backwards, his hand between her shoulder blades, one on her backside, burning through her skin like a lit match. "Ah," escaped from her throat as one of his hands slowly made its way around her body and cupped her free breast, torturing the peak between his fingertips.

Fingers running through his hair. Heat radiating from between her thighs. Sounds of pleasure coming from Katniss, and the shooting sensation of electricity up Peeta's spine was all it took for him to reach between them and guide himself inside of her. There was more than a physical thrill as Katniss moved herself up and down onto him. There was a connection...a union of two souls sharing one commonality...love. Since he was a child Peeta Mellark knew he loved Katniss, but never did he imagine that she would be the missing piece that completed the puzzle of his life. Now that she was here...that they were married, happiness...joy was a permanent fixture in his life. Laughter existed where there was none before. Smiles brightened his days more often than not. Simple touches...a hand trailing across the base of his spine as she walked by him...fingers that reached out and

touched the curled ends of his blond hair for no reason whatsoever... The way she had to keep contact with him when they slept...her foot seeking his leg out in her sleep, or her fingers reaching to touch his arm, amazed him. Peeta now knew that this was the reason people were put on this earth. To love...to be loved. An unconditional emotion that could erase pain, or cause it. Tonight, it caused it. The realization that he only had a short period of time left with Katniss, to experience feelings like this was overwhelmingly painful. Peeta lifted his troubled eyes to hers and spoke softly, "Katniss?"

She didn't need to ask him what he wanted...what was wrong, she knew. Their time together was almost over, and moments like this would be so few and far between. Her eyes filled with tears that matched his. Her motions stopped.

Four arms clung for life as two bodies fell onto a bed, his on top of hers. Lips met, swollen...moist...hot, and desperate. Desire was not the driving force in their love making that night. Sorrow was. As he moved within her, their eyes locked, foreheads touched. His nose bumped lightly against hers as her lips brushed softly against his.

'Do you know how much I love you,' he sent her a mental message. 'Do you know what you mean to me? My life was nothing before you, and now I have everything.'

"I love you," her lips moved against his as her mind thought, 'You have to live, Peeta. I need you to live, because I can't breathe without you, and if you die...I'll die too.' He had shown her how good life could be if you allow love into it. 'Thank you,' she thought to herself like she did every night before she went to bed and every morning when she woke up. 'Thank you for loving me.'

He could taste the salt from their tears on the tip of her tongue, considered telling her not to cry, but how could he do that when he

understood what she was feeling? One or both of their lives would quickly be coming to an end and knowing it was torture. Peeta's hands cradled her face, his fingers brushed back the hair from her forehead as he moved slowly in and out of her. "I love you," his voice cracked.

Katniss' gripped his cheeks, holding his face in place, needing him to know...to feel how much he touched her. "I love you too," her bottom lips trembled.

The air between them was hot and thick as their bodies moved. He could feel her clenching around him. She could feel him swelling within her. Her breasts were pressed into his chest, her knees cradled his hips, her feet planted on their mattress. His body weighed heavily on top of hers, pushing her deeper and deeper into their thick mattress. His hand shot down and gripped a hip, drawing her nearer to him. Words of love were no longer spoken, they didn't need to be. Cerulean blue eyes, magnified by tears, said all he needed to say as misty silver pools expressed emotions she never knew existed. Lungs expanded with a deep breath of air while the other held their breath. A catch in one's throat, while the other let out a small cry. Two bodies released. Two hearts shattered, as one love promised to live for eternity.

# **Mockingjay: Broken**

## **Wings Outtakes**

### **Chapter 3: When**



# **Darkness Falls, Love Will Appear, a hunger games fanfic | FanFiction**

**Summarize**

**Mockingjay: Broken Wings Outtakes**

**By: Jamie Sommers**

**Rated: M (It means mature for a reason y'all)**

**Chapter Three: When Darkness Falls Love Lights the Way**

**Can be read on its own or in conjunction with the stories I have written starting with HG Challenge, Catching Fire: Rekindling and moving onto Mockingjay: Broken Wings. Catching Fire and Broken Wings have outtakes. WHY? Because I went there. Please DO NOT READ IF YOU ARE UNDER 18! DO NOT READ IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE KATNISS AND PEETA HAD A SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP, THOUGH I'M NOT SURE WHERE THEIR KIDS WOULD HAVE COME FROM, AND DO NOT HATE ON THE AUTHOR FOR HAVING**

**FUN WITH THE CHARACTERS. I DON'T OWN THEM BUT I LOVE PLAYING IN SUZANNE COLLINS' TOY BOX.** The next chapter of BWO will be in D13 after Peeta's rescue. Want to read what happened in the Capitol? Read **Catching Fire Rekindling**.

Feel free to join me on tumblr at [www dot jamiesommers23 dot tumblr dot com](http://www.dotjamiesommers23.dot.tumblr.com)

**Thank you A for doing this so quickly. A is the bestessess!**

### **Mockingjay: Broken Wings Outtakes**

The sight of Katniss napping with her head on the kitchen table and her hand still clutching her cup of morning tea left Peeta wondering if she was feeling well. They had woken up about an hour and a half earlier, yet she was passed out like she hadn't slept for days.

"Katniss," he gave her a gentle shake, "are you all right?" They were leaving for the Quell in less than three days, and the last thing they needed was for her to get sick.

"I'm just tired," she mumbled with her eyes still closed. "So..." she yawned, "...tired."

"Come on," he held his hand out to her, "Let's go back to bed."

"Mmm...no...I'm fine here," she mumbled.

Peeta pressed his lips against her forehead to check her temperature, "You don't have a fever," then contemplated carrying her back up to bed whether she liked it or not, but she looked so young and beautiful with her hand wrapped around her mug of tea...one slipper dangling off the foot she had tucked under her leg, and her lips slightly parted. "You look like your five years old," he smiled at her, getting no response in return. Katniss had fallen asleep again.

As Peeta watched her take in deep breaths he felt his heart breaking in two. He had to capture as many moments like this as possible before going into the arena. Though he knew Katniss would hate it if he took advantage of her in her weakened state, Peeta couldn't help it. He had to capture the purity of her pose. He grabbed his large sketchpad, a box of colored charcoals, and began sketching her while she slept. There was an innocence about her that Peeta couldn't deny. Her ivory skin was glowing, bathed in the morning sunlight that streaked through the window, highlighting the rosy hue of her cheeks and the deep pink tip of the tongue that poked out through her full lips. Her eyelashes were a shade darker than her hair, a deep black that accentuated her gray eyes which were currently hidden behind closed lids. Her hair had been braided and trailed down the side of her face in a thick chestnut rope dangling over her shoulder. Peeta brought the off white page of his sketchpad to life with the colors of Katniss.

She hadn't moved a muscle since he began working on the sketch of her, and by the time he was through Peeta was convinced there was something physically wrong with Katniss. He carried her up to bed and was relieved when she opened her eyes to look at him, but she closed them again the second he lay her on their bed. The clock read 11:29am, the sunshine poured through the windows of their bedroom leaving it washed in golden light, until Peeta pulled the heavy drapery closed, something he rarely did, and caused the room to be swallowed up in darkness.

He glanced over his shoulder and saw Katniss fidgeting in her sleep, tugging at her vest. Peeta gingerly stripped her down to nothing but her underwear. Slippers, pants, vest, blouse were all removed and folded neatly on their dresser. He reached behind her and unhooked her bra, sliding her arms out and hung it over a chair, then stripped down to his boxers and climbed into bed next to her. The instant he lay down, Katniss rolled over and pressed her body against his,

clutching him to her in her sleep. Peeta let out a sigh of contentment. For the time being she was his and only his, but the Games would put an end to that. As he held her he began thinking about the favor he asked of Gale. He wanted the man to take care of his wife when she returned from the Games alone. Peeta ran a hand through his hair leaving it slightly disheveled thinking, 'I don't want Gale to see you this way. I don't want any other man to see you this way.' The flat of his palm ran down her bare back then back up again. Reaching around her, he cupped her breast in his hand and pressed his lips against her temple. He clenched his teeth and squeezed his eyes shut. As much as he hated the thought, Peeta knew Katniss couldn't spend her life alone. After he died she'd need someone to love her the way he did. To him, Gale was the only logical choice. At least he knew she'd be taken care of for the rest of her life. 'I love you,' his mind cried out. After minutes of driving himself insane with worry, Peeta finally dozed off only to be woken up by Katniss less than an hour later.

She had been dreaming about Peeta. Katniss' fatigued body sprawled out across their bed next to him, but loneliness consumed her when the thought of her impending death assaulted her slumber. There was only one way to get rid of the pain that threatened to eat away at her. "Peeta," she whispered as she rolled into his arms.

"Katniss," he whispered back.

Their lips met instantly in a soft kiss. A warm, mushy feeling of tranquility flowed between them as their kiss crawled at a snail's pace. Katniss was no longer thinking about her demise, and thoughts of another man's hands on Katniss were the furthest thing from Peeta's mind.

For the first time in a long time Katniss felt an overwhelming sensation of complete peace. Her mind was blank but for thoughts of Peeta's

lips on hers and the feel of his tongue lazing around in her mouth, stirring her senses. "Mmmm," she moaned into their kiss and ran her hands up her body, skimming the sides of her aching breasts. "Oh," she breathed out when Peeta's fingertips drew patterns up her spine in slow circles. It was moments like those that she treasured the talents that lay within his fingertips.

The second his lips met Katniss' Peeta sunk into the mattress and allowed his body to respond to her tiny mewls of pleasure. The way her hands were roaming around her own body caused a surge of blood to flow through him. Katniss rolled herself on top of him and lifted her torso up slightly, their slippery kiss grew hotter as Peeta slid his thumbs beneath the elastic waistband of her panties, skimming them down her hips and over her bottom. He left them there and cupped the apples of her cheeks with his hands, gently squeezing at her bottom and pushing her against his burning hot erection. He sighed into her mouth when she brushed her nipples up and down his chest then let out a loud groan when her hand went between their bodies and stroked him through his underwear. Their bodies were moving...pumping of their own accord as Katniss pushed his boxers downwards allowing that certain part of his body freedom. "Oh, God," Peeta said so quietly it was barely audible. He kept his eyes closed as Katniss began kissing a path down his neck stopping at his Adam's apple to flick her tongue across it.

A tiny smile of pleasure hinted at the corner of her lips when she realized her actions were causing Peeta to swallow uncontrollably.

His hands began taking a tour of her body, running over her hips, across her shoulders, down her arms, up her flat stomach and over her breasts. He noticed their weight as they dangled in front of his face, teasing him until he poked his tongue out and gave her pink tips a taste. If Peeta didn't know any better he could have sworn that they

had grown. As he swirled his tongue around her puckering bud it struck him that they *had* gotten larger. Before they fit perfectly in his palm and now they were overflowing, bulging from between his fingers when he gave them a gentle squeeze. Though he had never really obsessed over the size of her breasts in the past, this discovery caused his arousal to twitch against Katniss' hipbone with delight.

Katniss blew out a heated breath against the center of Peeta's chest in an attempt to steady her rapidly beating heart. Her shoulders did a little shudder from the feathery strokes of Peeta's lips against her flesh and the massage he was treating her breasts to. She moved her kiss further down his torso, and his hands followed her until her breasts were out of reach. She finally positioned her vision just above his waiting erection. Her eyes traveled a path up Peeta's muscular stomach, broad chest and landed on his eyes which were burning a hole right through her. She slid his boxers down his legs, tossed them to the side and gave him one long, slow stroke. The velvety skin tightened as Peeta's excitement grew. Katniss made a, "Mmm," noise and took the tip of him into her mouth, drenching him with her saliva. His body jerked at the touch of her tongue against his flesh. She had cocooned his stiff cock in the warmth of her mouth, lavishing it with strokes of her tongue. A delicate hand gripped the base of him as she took him deep into her throat and slid it out from between her lips. She placed a soft peck on the tip, swirled her tongue around the ridge then rolled onto her back and waited for Peeta to undress her too. Her back arched causing her breasts to jut upwards.

Peeta peeled the flimsy butter cream yellow garment off of Katniss and let them slip through his fingertips onto their bedding. The flat of his palms skimmed up the sides of her legs and over her hips. "Beautiful," he said in a low voice at the sight of her naked body splayed out beneath him. There were a million things he wanted to do to her...take from her, but he couldn't seem to concentrate on any one

thing in particular. Spreading her legs slightly apart, Peeta started at Katniss' foot and trailed breathy kisses up her calf, over her knee and on the inside of her milky white thigh. He buried his nose into her furry patch and inhaled the musky scent of her fervor before dipping his tongue between her folds. He spent less than a minute allowing her flavor to spread over his tongue. He needed to kiss her. To press his body against hers. He flattened his palms alongside of her hips and ran his hands downward then back up again this time traveling over her stomach, grazing lightly over her taut nipples and cupping her face in his hands. His bright blue eyes delved into her smoky silver ones as his head went slightly askew and his mouth covered hers in a passionate kiss. He got lost in her flavors, a combination of sleep, mint tea and her sex mingled between their lapping tongues. As their kiss deepened he slid his arm beneath her neck and pulled her closer to him. His body quivered with each stroke of her fingers against his burning flesh.

"Peeta," she whispered his name into their open mouths. Her gaze held his when she felt a surge of lava pool between her thighs. She wrapped her legs around his waist and began moving her hips back and forth, gliding herself along his shaft in a tantalizing manner.

He slid his fingers between them, spreading her open and lay himself between her wet folds. He could feel her body inflamed with desire as he brushed himself against her slippery slit, being careful not to enter her. It was too soon. He needed to wait...to draw out as much as he possibly could from her.

Katniss watched the expression on his face change from intense to amazement when he lifted her hips upward and peered between their bodies, watching as their most intimate parts mingled in a wanton dance. She wanted to see what they looked like too, but Peeta's head was in her way. She imagined it behind closed eyes, his peach

colored skin glistening with her juices, gliding back and forth between her shiny crease. With her imagination going wild, Katniss let out a huge cry.

His breathing became labored when he pulled himself away from her and held his tip at her entrance. "My God," he swallowed when he watched himself disappear inside of her.

"Ah," Katniss called out quietly when he filled her and held herself poised, pressing herself against him. "Oh...yes," she took hold of her aching breasts and squeezed them in her hands. The feeling of Peeta's lips crushing down on one then the other had her throwing her head back and calling out his name again. His hand slid behind her back, lifting her off the bed and allowing her head to fall backwards. She was attached to him by one precious point in the center of their bodies. Katniss could feel Peeta lifting her off of the bed and moving her up and down his hardness. His hands pushed and pulled her onto him. There was no need for her to move her hips...her legs...nothing. Peeta had taken complete charge of her motions. Katniss gave herself to him, and he was taking all she had to give. Her first cry sent her mind into a tailspin. Her second one had him grunting into her neck and rolling onto his back. It was now her turn to take what he was offering, and she was more than happy to oblige. She pulled herself off of him and licked her lips in anticipation. A sensual desire filled her eyes as she crawled up his body and whispered in his ear, "I love the way you make me feel." She took hold of his hands and placed them over her breasts. "See how hard my nipples get when you touch me?"

Peeta felt like he was going to explode at her confession. He was sure she had no idea how incredibly erotic she sounded and had no clue what she did to him when she got that look about her. The look she had on their wedding night when they experienced their firsts. Smoldering gray eyes delving into the deepest recesses of his soul, a



microscopic hint of a smile on her ridiculously full lips, and love...the amount of adoration that radiated from her pores took Peeta's breath away. "Katniss, don't make me wait," he gently begged her when she didn't move. She knelt over him, her braid dangling to the side, her turgid tips brushing against his smooth chest. "Please Katniss," his fingers dug into her buttocks when she ran her tongue over her top lip and bit the corner of her bottom one.

She placed her mouth against his and said, "Please what?" in an airy tone.

"Please make love to me."

"Mmmm," she gave him an open mouth peck and held him just at her entrance.

The way she moved his arousal back and forth over her opening reminded Peeta of completing a work of art. He likened himself to a paintbrush sensually stroking her waiting canvas. When she finally slid herself down around him Peeta let out a guttural cry and plunged his tongue deep into her mouth.

Each movement caused an electrical charge to surge through Katniss' core. The tightening of her muscles just below her navel started from the moment she granted him entrance inside of her. She glided herself to the very edge, leaving just the tip of him inside of her, then pummeled herself down onto him over and over again.

Each stroke of her velvety heat had Peeta's nerves standing on end. He could feel the ridge of himself sitting just inside of her, then his entire cock being covered with her warm juices. Her tightness squeezed him with each movement, almost sucking his seed to the tip of his erection in a slow and sumptuous dance. Deep grunts escaped from his throat while Katniss panted and let out seductive sighs and

"ah's" of delight. "Sweet Jesus," Peeta gripped her ass, digging his fingers into her pliable cheeks, aiding her flowing movements. Allowing himself to reach an explosive finish was pushed out of his mind. He began thinking of decorating a cake, Haymitch's filthy house, anything to prevent him from climaxing too soon. When Katniss' face took on a look of sheer pleasure and she called out his name, digging her nails into his chest, Peeta lost himself completely. He watched her while her orgasm ripped through her like a vicious storm then lifted her off of his body, spilling his seed onto her thigh at the last moment.

Katniss collapsed against his chest and wrapped her arms around his neck as he squeezed her tightly. "I love you," she hadn't even realized she said it. Her brain had turned to mush, much like the muscles in her body. Her eyes closed against his chest, her ear was pressed up against his beating heart, and the sound of home...Peeta lulled Katniss back into a dream filled sleep.

Peeta's breath slowly escaped from his lungs. He heard Katniss say, 'I love you,' but he couldn't find the energy to reply. All of his energy was sapped from his limbs. His mind had turned to a blank canvas as a wave of exhaustion pulled him into a deep sleep. His eyes fluttered opened at the feel of Katniss' mouth surrounding him. Peeta looked down his body and saw a pair of loving gray eyes staring back at him while her warm, moist lips ran up and down his shaft. He glanced at the clock which told him it was mid afternoon, closed his eyes and reached down to touch her bobbing head.

The sun's vibrant rays beamed down upon District Twelve, but in a mansion in Victor's Village the drapes of the master suite were drawn, prohibiting the light of day to sneak in, painting everything in the room various shades of deep blue and gray. And for the first time since leaving the arena Katniss and Peeta's darkened bedroom held peace and tranquility. There was no fear. No death. No pain or terror. Only a

glow radiating from the love within their hearts and illuminating their souls. The arena waited for Katniss and Peeta once again, but today it was the furthest thing from their minds. Today they discovered they didn't always have to be afraid of the dark.

# **Mockingjay: Broken Wings Outtakes Chapter 4: The Intimate Details, a hunger games fanfic | FanFiction**

Summary

**Mockingjay: Broken Wings Outtakes**

**By: Jamie Sommers**

## **Chapter Four: The Intimate Details**

**This is a companion piece to Mockingjay: Broken Wings chapters 10 and 11, but can be read on its own. If however, you'd like to check out the actual stories, feel free to start with 74th Hunger Games Challenge: We Always Were, Catching Fire: Rekindling (and the outtakes for that story), then move onto the final tale, Mockingjay: Broken Wings. They are the games told in everyone's POV and based on the challenge, what if K/P went into the first arena as a couple.**

**In this chapter K/P have already gone through the Quell, Peeta was captured by the Capitol and rescued, but came back slightly hijacked. The procedure was never finished. Effie got him out of the Capitol before he had the full procedure done, but he does have severe memory loss and is under the impression that Katniss and Gale may have had a romantic relationship.**

***WARNING! DO NOT READ IF YOU ARE NOT 18 OR OLDER OR IF YOU BELIEVE THAT K/P NEVER HAD A PHYSICAL RELATIONSHIP. I'M PRETTY GRAPHIC AND HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO BLIND THE YOUNG!***

**And now for the next installment of...**

### **Mockingjay: Broken Wings Outtakes**

With his memory of their life together wiped out at the hands of President Snow, and others implanted in his head, Peeta looked upon Katniss, the woman he was supposed to be married to, as a complete mystery. He had heard her sing in the woods and was certain that the drugs Snow gave to him must have caused some serious damage to

his brain, because he swore the second she opened her mouth and a haunting melody escaped, Peeta lost his heart. He told himself he was insane and that no one fell in love at first sight, but then she discovered his hiding spot and rescued him. He didn't know why he allowed her to kiss him so freely, or why he allowed himself get lost in her lips, but he did. His mind went blank the second their mouths connected.

As Peeta sat on his hospital bed in District Thirteen he tried to sort through the events of the day. He had started off a prisoner of the Capitol, and now he was a patient in Thirteen. When he spoke with Effie that morning she was reminding him of how important Katniss was to his life and now...now he could reach out and touch her. Stroke her hair. Kiss her if he wanted to, which he did, but for the life of him Peeta didn't know why. 'She's your wife,' a phrase he repeated to himself multiple times that day. If only he could remember the woman sitting next to him.

"Get up." Katniss gently ordered Peeta. "You and I are going to work through some things, and there's only one way I know how to do that."

Peeta stood close to the hospital bed, his fingers wrapped around the railing. "How?"

She walked to the bathroom door. "Come on. We're going to take a shower."

It was a simple enough request. A shower, lie down and then talk things out. That's how life worked for Katniss and Peeta in Twelve. That's how they ended their days when they were in the Capitol prior to the Quell, and in the arena they lay in each other's arms, speaking about their fears, imagined a life where their child could grow up without the threat of the Games looming overhead. They attempted to leave the tragedy of the day's events behind them, and grew

accustomed to their new roles as expectant parents. Katniss didn't think taking a shower and going to bed was all that ridiculous of a request. If Peeta had returned to her in the same mental condition as he left her, Katniss was certain they'd be able to put the hell he went through while in the Capitol behind them, but Peeta didn't return to her the same man. He was different, and she'd have to find a way to get through to him without scaring him in the process, so their shower that night was taken while wearing their undergarments, and they put their pajamas on in separate rooms.

They had gone through so much over the past couple of months. He had been kept prisoner at the Capitol while she had been in Thirteen, and they had both gone been in the arena. He had been practically starved while she had three square meals a day. He had been drugged and gone through a procedure called hijacking, which would have been worse had Effie Trinket not switched out the medications that he received. She had been hiding a pregnancy that the president of Thirteen ordered to be terminated in order for Katniss to take up her position as Mockingjay.

As Katniss and Peeta lay facing one another under the covers of Peeta's hospital bed, she explained to him what their life used to be like. "This is how we talk things through. Before we go to sleep each night, we do this," she pulled his arm over her waist, then took his face between her hands again. "This is how all of our important decisions...conversations, were had."

Peeta had a very difficult time believing that. "Even after the huge fight we had?"

"Especially after a huge fight." Katniss placed a soft kiss against his jaw.

A shock ran through him at the gentle pressure of her lips against his skin. "How..." he cleared his throat. "How do you concentrate when we're lying this way?"

"It's not easy," Katniss admitted. "Especially now. I've missed you quite a bit, but...talking things through was always very important to us, and that's the one thing I'm not willing to let you forget."

Peeta was unsure how to face the emotional turmoil he was going through or the mental moral battle he was currently waging with himself. He told himself that they were having a baby, that they had obviously been exceptionally intimate with each other before, so what would be the difference now? 'There's a big difference,' he silently scolded himself. 'If this were a blind date would you be doing these things?' The truth was he had no clue. Would he have allowed himself to lay in a bed wearing nothing but some thin pajama pants while his blind date lay next to him wearing nothing but the matching shirt? That thought alone caused his body to stir. He put all of his impure thoughts aside when they began talking about the events that had occurred in Thirteen and what Katniss had been going through. Their entire day had been spent on what Peeta had gone through at the Capitol, so he was grateful for the reprieve. They discussed how to handle the situation with the baby. Do they tell Coin that Katniss was still pregnant, or do they continue to hide it? The decision to tell the truth wasn't as easy to come by as they thought. They spoke about a list of demands Peeta should make before agreeing to be the rebel's Jabberjay, and then Katniss came up with a way of helping Peeta to determine reality. Peeta had asked her if something was real or dream, and that's when they started playing.

It helped Peeta to be able to ask Katniss if something he recalled was the truth, and she didn't seem to mind helping him out. He told himself if that had been a blind date, he'd really like her, but then she said,

"This is nice isn't it? Being here like this...holding each other..." It was more than nice to Peeta. Holding her in his arms brought on feelings of desire.

The heat of her skin burned through his palm that was on her flat stomach, holding the child within. He had to pull his hand away from her before he got carried away. "I should probably stop touching you this way, huh?" His fingers stroked back and forth below her navel.

"I don't mind what you're doing." She had missed it so much. Longed for a moment like this from the second she saw him falling from the hovercraft's ladder in the arena. "Does it bother you touching me this way?"

"No," he shook his head, "but I do feel sort of..." he gave his nose a little twitch, "...like I'm crossing some sort of moral line or something." His mouth may have said it, but his head was thinking all sorts of things it shouldn't have been. Before he knew it her hand was mimicking his, brushing the skin beneath his navel just above his waistband. "This feels a little too good, Katniss, and I'm not sure I'm ready for that." At least he thought he wasn't.

"Oh, I *know* you're not ready for that. Lord, you couldn't even step in the shower with me without wearing underwear." She wished he would just let it all go. At that point in time she no longer cared if he touched her out of love. The physical need to be touched was bad enough, but now she had an elevated level of hormones surging through her body, heightening her wanton desires.

Peeta let out a louder laugh and said, "First arena. You covered me with a small backpack so you didn't have to see me naked. Real..."

"Shut up." She playfully tapped at the flat of his stomach. "We weren't married then."



"Are we married now? I thought we decided we were just dating," Peeta inhaled deeply when he felt her lips start to travel up the side of his neck.

"Dating...married...fooling around..." She couldn't help herself. She just had to kiss him. "Whatever." Her hungry lips pressed against his reluctant ones.

"We should stop," he said even though stopping was the last thing in the world he wanted to do.

"So tell me to stop," Katniss pulled him in for another kiss, only this time he kissed back. The loud, rush of air she gasped out shocked her. Within a second of Peeta's lips pressing softly against hers in several long, slow kisses, Katniss felt the center of her body heating...swelling up and a liquid surge flowing between her thighs. 'Stay calm,' she told herself this as she slid her tongue into his mouth. 'Don't go too fast or you'll scare him off.' She swallowed the cries of pleasure that were so desperately wanting to scream out into the night as she dragged her foot up and down his calf, pressed her body closer to his and flattened her palms against his bare torso. "Mmmmmph," the tiny whimper could not be helped. She had been so good. Taken a shower without ripping his clothes off. Didn't throw him down to the ground and have her way with him the second she came upon him hiding in Twelve, but now...now being good was the furthest thing from her mind, and from the growth that was pressing against her upper thigh, she was fairly sure it wasn't on Peeta's mind either. "You taste so good," her lips released his for about a second, then delved back in for more.

As far as Peeta was concerned he had never tasted anything so sweet in his life. "Are you sure about this?" His lips moved across her cheek towards her ear. "You've got to be sure."

"Are you?" She was lying on top of him, her damp hair hung down around their faces. Katniss lifted herself slightly off of him to look down into his eyes, but the curtain of hair accentuated the darkness of the hospital room preventing her from seeing all of his expressions. The only things she could make out clearly were his eyes which seemed to glow. "Tell me you're okay with this," she pressed her hips down and ground herself against him.

His hand swept the hair away from one side of her face, bringing in some of the dim lights of his hospital room, allowing him to see a shadow of her expression. "I'm not sure, Katniss. I don't know if I should do this."

"What if I gave you permission?"

He could see the pleading in her eyes...hear it in her voice. "I want you. Please don't think I don't." The pressure of her lower body pressing against his was driving him insane. "I just don't want to regret this...have you regret it afterward."

"I could never regret making love to you," She curled her hand around his neck and pulled him in for another long and thorough kiss.

'Making love,' he thought to himself. 'Is that what this would be?' He wasn't sure when his hands started moving of their own accord, skimming lightly up and down her spine, causing her to make those tiny little whimpers that were quickly becoming his undoing. "Kat..." he twirled his tongue inside of her mouth again, "...Katniss," he finally got her name out. "We..." more kissing, more touching, more head spinning. "Oh God," he spoke against her head when she pecked soft, moist kisses along his jawline.

"So strong," her fingertips followed the path her lips were making. "So defined," she lifted herself up and looked down into his eyes. "Your jaw is one of the sexiest things about you, did you know that?"

Did she want an actual answer? Peeta wasn't sure because the instant she asked the question she began trailing her open lips along his chin and drawing circles underneath his ear with her fingers. "Um...I don't know very much about what you find sexy." It suddenly dawned on him. "I don't know what I find sexually stimulating either." When Katniss stopped what she was doing and stared at him, he said, "Although this is probably going to go pretty high up on the list."

How much of him had Snow stolen from them. Even this, the most private part of their lives, the president of the nation had taken. "Peeta?" The first part of his name came out in a crackle, the second part there was no sound at all.

"I'm sorry Katniss," his lips moved sending her a silent apology.

Katniss traced them with her fingers, grateful that Snow hadn't taken that from him. Their way of communicating with one another, and leaving everyone else wondering what they were mouthing back and forth. 'It's probably second nature to him,' her mind began going a mile a minute. 'If that was second nature what else would be?' She wondered to herself. "The name of the game is real, or not real," her husky voice cut through the tension that was beginning to build.

"Okay?" Peeta eyed her up suspiciously.

"Don't look so concerned," anticipation had quickly begun to churn within. "It's a simple game, and you might even win a present." The tip of her tongue poked out and licked her lips. "I'm going to ask you something, and you're going to answer real or not real."

"All right," he wasn't sure what she was playing at, but she definitely had his interest peaked.

"There's a spot on my body, two actually, that I love to be touched," Katniss placed her lips against his and whispered into them, real or not real?"

"Um..."

She quickly silenced him with her mouth. "Didn't I tell you? You can't speak, and no moving your lips either."

"Then how do I answer your question?" His heart began to pound against his chest.

"You'll figure out a way."

Her foot skimmed up and down his leg as she let the weight of her body press against his. With her mouth breathing heavily against his throat Peeta swallowed over and over again. 'Two spots on her body that she loves to be touched,' he thought to himself. When she suddenly lifted her head, dropping it back and let out a resounding, "Aaaah," through the room, he wondered what he had done. He had been lying there, doing nothing but thinking, or so he thought. It then struck him that his fingers were barely touching her back underneath the shirt.

"That's one," it came out in a pant.

The air started to thicken between them. 'Your back,' a small grin played upon his lips. 'What's the other spot?' The mental question plagued him as he held his hands over her body, not touching but hovering above her. The picture of a butterfly entered his mind, its wings fluttering lightly against ivory flesh, gently tickling her skin. As

his fingers mimicked the action of the butterfly's wings against the inside of her thigh, Peeta knew he had discovered her second erogenous zone.

"T...tt...two," Katniss stammered then whimpered against his skin. "You win. Those were real." She wasn't quite sure how she was breathing, it felt like her lungs were on fire.

"What do I win?" Her answer had him finding this game to be worth playing. "Let me get this straight, I get the answer right, I can kiss you anywhere I want, or I can have you kiss me anywhere I want?"

"Yes," her smoldering gaze held his. "And if you get it wrong, I get to choose."

"Katniss," he let his hand get lost in her hair. "What if I say I want to kiss you here," he touched a spot on her cheek.

"That would be fine."

"What about...here?" He moved his finger down until it was able to draw circles against the crook of her neck.

"That's okay too," she tried not to shiver with delight since she had to keep him on his toes.

"What about..." he wasn't sure if he had the nerve to do it. As it turned out, he didn't. Peeta trailed his finger between her breasts, over her shirt as opposed to over the two glorious mounds that had been pressing into him, "...here?"

Katniss looked down then back up again. "Anywhere," she lifted her brow to accentuate the point and was treated to Peeta pulling her down for a kiss. His lips were firm, his tongue demanding, as his hand

manipulated her head's motions. The thin trail of saliva forming a bridge between their mouths when the kiss ended split as she pecked his mouth one last time. "I'll take it that was your prize." The little wag of his brows answered her. "Next one. I love to run my fingers over a part of your body. Since there are a lot of areas of your body I love to run my fingers over, I'm going to make this a multiple choice. Is it your chest, your ribs, your hips or your abs?"

"Hmm..." Peeta's eyes quickly scanned her choices.

"In case you're wondering, you love it when I do this too." Katniss went back to her position of tucking her head under his chin and running her foot up his calf. Within seconds Peeta lifted her wrist and moved her hand over his body until he lightly painted her fingers over his nipples, which instantly puckered. 'This is new,' she thought to herself before answering, "I'm sorry. That's not real." She rolled off of him and onto her back, looking into his eyes. She took her fingers and ran them straight down from his navel to his waistband and back up again.

"Oh God," Peeta's eyes automatically closed at her touch. He was about to argue that he really liked where he chose to move her fingers, but then she did that and he lost all cognitive functions. "I...uh...oh."

"Guess I win Mellark." Katniss waited until he opened his eyes and looked at her. "I want you to kiss me right..." she moved her finger over the spots he had pointed out to her earlier and landed between her breasts, "...here," she flicked the button open and gave him a spectacular view of her cleavage.

Peeta gulped as his cock twitched inside of his pants. 'You can do this,' he cheered himself on, but there was really no need. He wanted to do what she asked. His arm reached around her, scooting her

closer to him, tucking her beneath him as he took position on top of her.

"Oh Peeta," Katniss threaded her fingers through the hair at the nape of his neck and waited for him to make his move. Feeling the pressure of his body pushing her down into the mattress had her legs quaking.

Her skin puckered with goose pimples when he ducked his head down. With one hand he pushed her shirt slightly apart, then placed his lips between her pert breasts, pressing a kiss into her skin then flicking his tongue against her flesh. "Was that satisfactory?"

"Yeah," there was a light and airy tone to her voice. "Fill in the blank. Your favorite thing about my body is..."

Something instantly popped into his mind, but watching her squirm beneath him as he slowly examined her body with his hands brought him a ridiculous amount of pleasure. His palms scaled around her waist, over her hips, down the sides of her upper thighs then back up her entire body until he ran his fingers through her hair. "Your hair is..." he inhaled the sweet scent of lavender, "...mmmm, smells so good, but that's not it. Oh," he said as though he discovered something. His hand shot down her body, lifted the corner hem of her shirt to expose a hipbone before he contorted his body so his lips could press a kiss below her hip. "Freckles," he murmured against her skin, and chuckled when she let out a groan and pressed her butt into the mattress. "Is that real, Katniss? Did I win?" He stared up her body.

"Yes."

"Then I want to kiss..." his lips found her cluster of freckles again. His tongue licked at the flat, tight surface for several long seconds before he pulled her shirt down and lay his body on top of hers. With his

hands on either side of her head, his fingers pushing the hair away from her forehead he said, "I think I'm pretty good at this game."

"Me too, but I'm about to stump you." Katniss rested her hands against the mattress and swallowed. "I'm ticklish, but only in one spot. Find that spot."

"Ooh," he narrowed his gaze at her when his head screamed, 'Ribs!' But which side he didn't know. "Hmm," he closed his eyes, inhaled through his nostrils and took a shot.

"Sorry," she gave her head a sad shake. "Not real. Wrong side."

"Well, I had a fifty/fifty shot," He grinned, thrilled with the fact that he got it wrong. "So who's kissing who and where?"

"You'll be doing all the kissing Mellark." She gave his shoulders a little push so he'd lift his upper body off of her, dangled her finger over herself and let it fall an inch to the right of where he kissed her earlier.

Peeta licked his lips in anticipation, held her still with his eyes glued to hers, and flicked open the next button on her shirt. He flattened his palm between her breasts and pushed the shirt to the right leaving it barely covering her nipple. "Beautiful," he mouthed before taking the mound of white flesh into his mouth, giving it a slight suck. There was no puckering of lips with this kiss, if it could be called that at all. Peeta began licking at her skin, nibbling at it as his fingers found her hips and dug in. With an open mouth, he took the side of her breast into his mouth, rotating between sucking and nibbling. Her body began pumping up and down, and he matched her rhythm. Something hard, yet soft, began stroking his cheek. Peeta opened his eyes and moaned before taking Katniss' dark pink nipple into his mouth.



Katniss captured his head in her hands, holding him against her breast. Their game was over. They had both won. "The other one too, Peeta."

He swept the shirt to the left, exposing her other breast to him and captured the tip in his mouth while gently squeezing the malleable flesh. Back and forth between the two he went until his body felt like it was about to explode. "Katniss," he swiftly moved up her body and kissed her deeply. His painful erection tenting his pajama pants dug into her. "We can't do this," he had no clue where the thought came from, but it was there, and he despised it.

"It's okay, Peeta." She peppered his face with kisses while pulling him against her. "Please. I want this."

"I do too." He wasn't sure how many curse words there were in the English language, but he went through about a million of them in his head as he reached between them and buttoned both of her shirt buttons. "Please know that I want you," his forehead rested on hers. "But do you think it's right doing it this way?"

"What way?" She argued, pissed as hell that he stopped what was promising to be an exceptionally great evening.

"If we had just met would you be doing these things with me?"

"Of course not," she didn't get where he was going.

"Katniss, I know we know each other," he had to help her understand. "I know everyone says we're married."

"We *are* married," she interjected.

"Okay, for the sake of argument, let's say we are, and I know you're pregnant, but look at this from my perspective. I've had memories of this taken from me, and now you want me to pretend like none of that happened," He sat up next to her, running his hand back and forth over his head. "I can't do that. I can't just hop into bed and have sex with you, and that's what this would be. It wouldn't be making love, it would be sex." He turned to her and noticed her look of anger. "Is that what you want, Katniss?" He was instantly angry with her too, but why he didn't know. 'A side effect of the hijacking,' he told himself. "You should go."

"I'm not going anywhere," Katniss sat up and faced him. "God!" She let out a loud frustrated grunt. "I'm sorry," she gripped his hands tightly. "It's me and these damn..." she began blushing when she said, "These hormones aren't just making me cry. They're driving me insane. I woke up one night last week kissing my pillow and squeezing my own...breast," she whispered the last word.

The feelings of anger had been pushed aside when he listened to Katniss admit what was going on inside of her head. "You mean the only reason you want to do this is because pregnancy hormones are making you horny?" He chuckled.

"Don't say that," she dropped his hands. "And no. It's not just because I would like to have sex, it's because I've missed you and...and," she was afraid to say the next thing, but she did anyway, "...and I love you, and that's what we do to express our feelings." It broke her heart in two that he couldn't tell her he loved her too. She'd rather Snow have thrown her in the arena again than put her through this. Her eyes began welling up with tears. "I'm sorry," she said quietly as she curled up onto her side away from him. "Let's just go to sleep."

He hadn't meant to make her cry, and wondered how they went from pure enjoyment to this in the span of minutes. 'You told her no, that's why. You couldn't just let yourself have a little pleasure after everything you went through? Stupid, Peeta. Very stupid.' "Katniss," he leaned over her shoulder and moved the hair away from her ear, "I want to be with you very badly, which I'm sure you had no clue about considering I was doing *such* a good job hiding it," he was pleased when she lifted the corner of her mouth in a little grin, "but I think we should probably get to know one another before having sex. Whether you want to believe it or not, it will be making love to you, and I'm not sure it'll be that for me."

"I know," the hitch in her voice was like an ice pick chipping at his heart, shattering it into little bits.

"I really liked kissing you though." He stretched out behind her gently pulling on her shoulder to have her face him. "I wouldn't mind if we kept doing that."

"Kissing?" She asked with trepidation in her voice.

"And maybe some other things, but what do you say we start with kissing and see where it leads?" He may not have remembered her as intimately as he did before, but he knew some things. He recalled going to school with her, being in the Games with her, but not all of that was clear, and then there was that whole sock in the gut he got when he heard her sing. 'You don't remember being in love with her, and you did *not* just fall in love with her when she sang by the lake today,' he told his crazy mind. 'It would be impossible to just fall like that,' but when she rolled over and looked up into his eyes he wasn't too sure anymore. "I think I really like you," he said timidly.

"I think I really like you too," if that was all she could get from him, she'd have to be satisfied. "Do you still want to kiss me?"

"Yeah," his throaty reply caused her skin to tingle. Peeta positioned himself on top of her. She had pulled her hair out from beneath her and spread it out on the pillow above her head. "You have beautiful hair." He gave her a soft open mouth peck on the lips. "And you're a very good kisser."

"So are you," she lifted herself up to place a tiny kiss on the corner of his lips. "A very good kisser." She rested back down.

"Kissed a lot of guys?" He was curious to know where she learned how to drive him crazy.

"You," she left Gale out considering Peeta got into a fight with him earlier because he thought Katniss had a relationship with him. "You, Peeta." She stroked the side of his face. "You're the one that kissed all the girls."

"Can't imagine why, unless of course, I wanted to perfect my skills before using them on you," he teased her and let out a small laugh when she scowled at him. All laughter disappeared as he rested his hands on the side of her head and ran his fingers back and forth through the hair above her ears. His body began to respond to her smoky looks of wanting. "You don't even have to kiss me for me to get hard," he hadn't meant to say it out loud.

"Oh," it was a tiny squeak of a sound, but enough to let Peeta know his words did something to her.

"Do you like that, Katniss?" His thick voice was hot against her skin. "Do you like it when I say things like that to you?" He really wanted to know. The little nod she gave him and the redness taking over her cheeks had him wondering what type of woman she was. One second she was all over him, and the next she was acting like this was the first time they had been this way. He supposed, in a way, it was their

first time, for him anyway, but Katniss...she seemed to remember everything about their relationship. "Kiss me," he held his lips a breath away from hers.

With an arch of her neck, Katniss lifted her mouth to his and pressed her closed lips against it. Timid, soft brushes against his still lips were all she allowed herself, afraid she'd scare him away again. 'Take it slow,' she said to herself.

"I said, kiss me," his voice held a gentle command.

"I am," She put more pressure into the next kiss, but kept her tongue out of it.

"That's not a kiss, Katniss. At least it's not the kind I want from you." He waited for her to take control of it. Her lips would part before puckering against his then they'd pull away. She continued to do this several times until she glided her tongue over her lips, then his tongue. "That's the kind of kiss I want," his eyes grew dark with desire.

If she did this she would wind up grinding herself up against him, pulling his pajama shirt she was wearing open so he could suckle at her breasts, but he asked for it...looked like he was in as much need as she was. There would be no asking if he was sure this time, she didn't want him to change his mind. She skimmed her palms up his back and over his shoulders, hooking them to him and using his upper body as leverage to lift herself up. She tilted her head to the side, opened her mouth and breathed into his. "Stick the tip of your tongue out," she craved the flavor of him.

Her request caused his body to harden. For a brief second he was afraid he would explode inside of his pajama pants. He poked the tip of his tongue out from between his lips and stared into her eyes.

The first gentle flick of her tongue against his had Katniss do a little shimmy against the mattress. The second and third had Peeta pushing his hardness into her. After that things quickly heated up. Their lips weren't touching, but their tongues were softly moving up and down against the other's. Katniss could feel a drop of her excitement trickling down the crack of her bottom and over the left cheek. A spasmodic quake began in her chest as she lifted her feet over his ankles and tuck them beneath. The tips of her breasts grew painfully tight and begged to be lavished, but she could not ask. That's what made him back off the last time. The entire time they had been together she had never felt so much sexual frustration, and when Peeta stopped what they were doing to look down into her face, Katniss felt a stabbing feeling between her thighs.

He was sure that she thought she was taking things slow, but her limited actions did more for him than she could possibly know. Never did he think moving his tongue back and forth over someone else's could be so erotic, but this wasn't just anyone, and it scared him. Peeta pulled away from her and studied her features. He had dated other girls, that he remembered, but he wouldn't tell her that. Images came to mind of the few he had kissed. One had skin so flawless Peeta wanted to paint a landscape of colors onto her cheeks. Another was strikingly beautiful, in fact all of the girls he could remember kissing were exceptionally attractive. Katniss' eyes weren't big, and when he thought of their color an image of ice filled his mind, but the reaction he got when he delved into them was pure fire. Her nose was straight, almost too straight, but sprinkled across the bridge were intriguing little freckles that had him sucking in a breath. He couldn't say much about her mouth with the exception of, wow. If anyone had looked at her he was sure they wouldn't see anything special, but he did and when he held her face in his hands and pressed his lips against hers, Peeta thought he was kissing the most exquisite creation known to man. Behind closed eyes he saw her spectacular mounds of

flesh with dark pink puckered tips. He damned himself for buttoning her shirt back up earlier. In fact he cursed himself for stopping their actions all together. Had he continued he was sure he'd be buried deep inside of her right now. A throaty, "Ungh," sound came out of his mouth and into hers. "Fuck me," he swore at himself.

"What?" Katniss had never heard him use that term before, and wasn't sure if she should be put off by it or not.

"Oh...that wasn't a request. I was sort of scolding myself and it came out. You know like when you tell someone, fuck you, only I said me instead." Now he was really screaming fuck me in his head for how idiotic he sounded.

"Ah," she accepted his explanation without further thought and pulled him down for more kisses. If she could somehow get him to rub himself against her, she was certain she'd reach her climax and right now she wanted to more than anything. 'Damn pregnancy hormones,' she mentally swore at herself. She should be wanting to experience one of their sweet, tender love making sessions, not have a quickie so she could reach orgasm. "Mmmm," their tongues were going deeper into the other's mouths, a pale imitation of what their lower bodies wanted to do. Katniss couldn't take it anymore. She reached down and pushed with her fingers against the top of his butt so he'd start pumping himself against her. Push...push...push... her hands picked up a beat and his groin played along. "God, I love your ass," she had no clue who this girl was that was practically forcing herself on Peeta.

"You can touch it if you want," neither of their voices rose above a throaty hush. "I mean...under the waistband." At this point he didn't care anymore about what was right and wrong. Everything they were doing to each other felt impossibly good. 'Right,' the word popped into his mind.

Katniss slid her fingers tentatively under the waistband of his pajamas and glided her palms over the apples of his bare cheeks. "Holy cow," a flood began pooling between her legs. "Do you want to touch me too?"

He nodded. "I want to touch your breasts again."

"Okay," her eager reply pleased him.

Pulling his torso off of hers caused him to press his erection against her even harder so he took his time releasing the first button of her shirt then the second. Her exposed breasts stared up at him, and he instantly noticed the purplish blue spot on one of them. "I marked you," he touched it with a fingertip then growled when she pushed against his ass, digging the fingers of one hand into the fleshy cheek.

"Feel free to mark the other one if you want."

The cluster of broken blood vessels looked painful to Peeta. "Did I hurt you?"

Katniss didn't remember if it hurt or not when he gave it to her, all she recalled was how moist her center got from the feel of his lips on her. "It felt good."

He had bruises on his body and they hurt like hell, so inflicting pain on her was not going to happen. Instead Peeta placed a soft kiss against the mark and spoke against her skin, "I'm sorry." His hands cupped the outsides of her breasts pushing them together. "Sorry," he whispered again before lightly kissing the tip of each nipple. His palms slid over the hardened peaks, rubbing against them before capturing them in his mouth. First one then the other. He swirled his tongue around leaving her wet and glistening, then moved back up to her mouth. His hands were having their way with her bosom while his lips took ownership of her mouth.



Katniss yanked one hand out of his pants, reached further down with the other in order to fully cup him and wrapped her arm around his waist. Her hips began pumping furiously against him in a frantic pace. The noises that came from between their mouths were just as stimulating as their motions. Thick air, hot bodies that were starting to form a thin sheen of sweat and the musky scent of arousal hung in the air. "Oh...ah...mmmph..." Katniss' sounds vibrated between their kiss with each grind.

"Katniss, would it be okay if we did...other stuff?" If she didn't say yes, Peeta was going to have to excuse himself pretty soon to take care of his growing problem in private.

"Yeah...sure," she spoke between wet, sloppy kisses, "...like what?"

"Maybe we could...uh..." he had no idea.

"We could touch each other," she suggested. "That's how we started off the first time around. By touching each other."

"When did we do that?" His curiosity actually stimulated her senses.

"On our wedding night."

"You mean we didn't actually...do it?" He questioned with his eyes as well.

"No. We did, but we started by touching one another. It was a good way to get acquainted with the whole sex thing." She removed her hand from inside of his pants and stroked his cheek. "I shouldn't have tried to suggest that we have sex right away. I'm sorry." Guilt washed through her.

"Don't be. I'm not sorry for any of this." He gave one of her nipples a little tweak to prove his point. "I would like to do more than just kiss, but I'll admit, I'm pretty sure I'm following my physical urges here and not my heart."

Katniss let out a soft giggle. "Me too, and I've been feeling horrible about it."

"Didn't we ever just cave into our needs?"

"Yes."

"Did we enjoy it?"

"Yes," she dragged the word out. "Very much."

"Then let's enjoy it now." He kissed her again, but much slower than he had before. "Mmmm, that's nice."

"Yeah," her eyes stayed closed several seconds after the kiss ended. "That feels so good, Peeta." His hands began kneading at her aching bosom with slow and careful precision. "Does it feel good when I touch yours too?" She tickled the tips of her fingers across his nipples and felt the tiny little tips harden.

"It doesn't feel bad," he said through a sweet grin that swept through her soul.

His words came back to haunt her regarding making love to him. No matter how much primal lust motivated Katniss' physical expression of passion, love always found a way into her heart. Suddenly unsure of whether or not she could continue on, she peeked up at him with uncertainty in her eyes. "Peeta?"

The mood between them changed in a split second. Peeta sensed a flurry of emotion flowing between them. "Katniss," the aching began somewhere deep within him which caused a chill to creep up his arms and leave the micro-fine hairs standing on end.

"You were right," there was a look of regret in her eyes that matched the tone in her voice. "This is more than just sex for me."

"Me too," not sure of where the automatic response came from, Peeta found himself to be terrified that they'd continue, and even more petrified that they would stop. "Should we...do we stop now?"

She stared at her hand stroking his chest, the difference in skin tone. His pasty, white flesh and her healthy, glowing skin, the bruises that he had been given at the hands of Snow's torturers brought on the overprotective need to take all his hurt away. "Let's not talk about it anymore." Her fingers traced the outline of a tiny bruise that had faded to a yellowish green color. "Let's just stop thinking again." It's what she suggested to him prior to their getting in the shower. To stop over thinking everything and just let things happen. "I know you can't say it back, but I need you to know that I love you, Peeta." Her throat tightened, a sign that she was about to cry. She wasn't sure what to expect from him at that point, but his response was the last thing she thought he'd do.

He couldn't say it back without sounding like he was completely insane. Who would believe in love at first sight? For some reason he didn't think Katniss would. No he couldn't say it, but he could express the strange new feelings that took over everything in his body. He rested his forehead on her beating heart and gave her naked breasts one more gentle squeeze before releasing them from his firm grip. "Katniss...Katniss..." he began whispering her name across her skin starting at her pulsing heart and moving down to the bite mark he left

on her. Her heady scent caused his head to spin as his mouth captured her waiting breast, and his fingers trailed between their bodies, brushing against the soft patch between her legs. He cupped her and the heat that radiated against his hand titillated his nerve endings. Back and forth he softly stroked the outside of her womanhood, his mouth gliding with ease across her chest to capture the other taut tip, suckling at it lavishly.

A wanton sensation of sensuality pulsed beneath the curve of his hand. Katniss' head dropped back into the pillow, her jaw went slack, her hands lay limp over his bare shoulders as the waves of pleasure swam through her. Little pants escaped from between her lips as Peeta continued slowly petting her. Her legs spread open as though they had a mind of their own, luring his fingers in, but Peeta failed to accept her invitation. She let out a gasp when she felt him slip his waistband down past his hips exposing his hard member to her skin. She felt the hot, silky length of him pulsating against her thigh, gradually moving between her legs and stabbing at the bedding leaving a tiny trail of wetness in its wake.

He had to release himself from the confines of his pants. Though they were loose fitting, the pressure of his erection against the material quickly became too painful. The first touch of her skin against his cock caused a tiny drop of fluid to seep out of the tip. Peeta grunted against her breast as he dragged himself across her leg and lay his arousal against the mattress. The temptation to slide inside of her had been so great he could barely concentrate, and her writhing...her tantalizing cries did nothing to ease his yearning.

"Peeta, please kiss me," the pleading in her voice lured him up her body until he positioned his lips above hers. "Please," her fingernails scraped against his scalp as she brought his mouth to hers.

"Have you..." he could barely speak, "...have you ever touched yourself?" He asked against her open mouth. It was the only way he could allow this to happen. If she brought on her own pleasure.

"No," she was completely caught off guard at his question.

"Would you?" He moved the hand that had been cupping her to wrap it around himself. "Would you do that Katniss?"

"Don't you want to touch me?" There was a hint of panic in her eyes that Peeta couldn't help but notice.

"I want to do more than simply touch you," his lips lingered against hers. "I want to touch you..." he dragged his kiss across her cheek, "...taste you..." he flicked his tongue against her earlobe, "...be inside of you..." he dipped his tongue inside of her mouth, stroked her tongue with his, "...be surrounded by you..."

Katniss found his hand that was still encircling his shaft and peeled his fingers away. "Touch me," she lay it against her tingling mound before replacing his hand with hers on his vibrating member. Her hand glided up and down, swirling around the ridge then stroking him down to the base.

An almost primal grunt came out of his mouth. "Good God, Katniss," his gruff voice echoed in her ear. "I'm not sure... Oh my God..." his whole body began trembling at her sensual touch. His hips began to move back and forth in a slow rhythmic dance. He wanted to bring her just as much pleasure as she was giving him. "I'm not sure..." he whispered in her ear, hiding his face in the crook of her neck out of slight embarrassment.

"Like this," she removed her hand from him and placed her fingers over his, guiding him between her slick folds. "Here," she moved his

fingers upwards over her clit and let out a throaty noise, then slid them downward, "and here," she pushed his fingers just inside of her.

He knew what to do, sort of, he just wasn't sure what she liked. "Is there anything in particular you want me to do?"

"No," she shook her head back and forth before taking hold of him again and starting her provocative motions. "Do whatever feels good to you, Peeta."

For a split second he wondered if touching him brought her pleasure. His query was answered as he began strumming her nub with feathery strokes and a surge of excitement shot through him. "You're so wet," he lifted his lips to hers just as she made a squeaking sound. "Do you want me to talk that way to you, Katniss?" It was hard not to notice her reactions to some of the things he had said to her. "You like that, don't you?" She gave his rigid cock a squeeze and nodded her head. "I can feel your nipples boring into my chest." He caught the tip of her chin in his mouth and gave it a suck as he dipped a finger inside of her. "Oh yeah," her hand began pumping harder and faster. "Don't do that too fast or I'll...mmmph," he moved her nightshirt up to her waist in case he lost control, which he was certain would happen sooner rather than later. "Stick your tongue out," he repeated the order she had given him earlier, then began lightly flicking the tip of his against hers. Their eyes connected as their bodies moved up and down in a melodic rhythm.

Katniss brushed her thumb over the tiny drop of fluid that oozed out of him, spreading it over the tip. "Just rub it against me, Peeta," she was aching to feel his hardness between her legs. "You don't have to put it in or anything," she knew she sounded like a complete moron, but she didn't care, and apparently neither did he because the second she released him he lay himself between her folds and began to grind

against her. Katniss wrapped her legs around him, hooking her feet together, sliding herself back and forth across the evidence of his desire, lubricating it with her natural juices. Their mouths partook of their own voracious appetites, devouring the other with a hunger that failed to be satisfied. A tightness gripped her, clenched the muscles in her stomach like a fist took hold. Tiny sparks began to flash before her eyes, blinding her, igniting the fuse that traveled from the top of her head down her spine, throughout her limbs then shot up through her core setting off the bomb's explosion between her legs. "Aaaah," she called out only to have his mouth stifle her cries.

Peeta could feel Katniss' entire body trembling beneath him. The orgasm that ripped through her had her screaming out. Fearing they'd be heard by the guard that had been standing outside their door he swallowed her cries of pleasure with his kiss, darting his tongue roughly in and out of her mouth. Her fingers dug into his shoulders, her hips pounded against his as he continued to grind himself against her. An inch, maybe two was all it would take to slip inside of her. The mere thought of it brought Peeta to the edge of ecstasy. The volcano residing within him, that had been threatening to erupt, flowed out. Hot lava mixed with her feminine nectar. It was Peeta's turn to let out a loud moan that Katniss silenced by clasping his face in her hands, holding his head still as her tongue pushed furiously against his.

Their labored breaths mingled as they finally pulled their lips apart. Her legs slowly unwrapped from around his body, the hands that had been gripping her hips, pulling her up to meet his thrusts, let go. Their eyes met, questions lingered inside of them both.

"I'll get something to clean us up," Peeta quickly hopped off of the bed, holding his pants up at the hips to prevent them from falling around his feet, rushing to the restroom for a warm cloth and dry towel. 'What did you do?' He began beating himself up for caving into his immorality.

He stared at himself in the small bathroom mirror as he washed up in the sink. He yanked his pants up to cover himself, looked at the wet undergarments that were hanging over the shower and cursed himself for even stepping into it with her. 'You went too far,' he felt as though he had taken advantage of Katniss. 'Go out there and apologize to her.'

Katniss lay staring at the ceiling hoping Peeta didn't regret what they did, feeling exceptionally guilty, like she forced his hand. 'You may as well have had sex,' she thought to herself, 'because that was just as intimate as the actual act.' She turned her head sharply to the side.

"Here," a washcloth appeared in front of her face which she took from Peeta's hands.

"Thanks," she wiped up the evidence of their carnal act. "Excuse me," she slid off the bed and brushed past him to finish cleaning up in the bathroom.

Peeta looked around the room, took out some clean sheets from the tall, thin closet and changed the bedding, shoving the soiled one in a hamper marked linens. He sat in the middle of his freshly made bed waiting for Katniss to come back, building up the courage to say he was sorry. The sight of her walking out of the bathroom with her hair flowing over one shoulder, her shirt completely buttoned up and a flush to her cheeks had the pounding of his heart competing in a race with the throbbing of his pulse. He scooted over to the side when she slid under the covers, held them up for him to get under and lay back in total silence. "Katniss...I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done that. I took advantage of you, and that wasn't very gentlemanly of me."

She lolled her head to the side and gave him an inquisitive stare. "You think you should be saying you're sorry?" Katniss let out a small burst



of laughter. "I was going to tell you that I was sorry for forcing you into that."

"No! No," he shook his head. "You have nothing to be sorry for."

"Neither do you, Peeta."

"I feel like I do," he hung his head down then lifted it up when he heard her melodic laughter. "You find this funny?"

"Don't you?" She lifted an arm in invitation. "Come down here with me." He rested his torso against her and kept everything from the waist down to the side. "We're both lying here, filled with guilt for taking pleasure from the other." She stroked the hair off of his forehead. "Maybe we should be thinking about what we gave to each other instead." she tilted her head slightly to the side. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"I think that was pretty obvious." He narrowed his stare. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Oh yeah," a coy smile played upon her lips. "I know it's not as obvious when it comes to women, but I enjoyed myself a lot."

"Good," he found he was pleased with the fact that he could provide her with a little joy.

"Think maybe we could stop letting guilt win, and bask in the afterglow instead?" Her fingers continued to play with his blond locks. "Maybe we could even have a couple of post coital kisses?"

Peeta's laughter mixed with hers. "I think I'd like that."

Their lips met in a shy peck. Another timid kiss was shared, and another after that, until their timidity melted away and their mouths began a sumptuous tasting.

"Mmm," Katniss' sounds began once again. "Oh God," she let her head fall back as he kissed his way down her neck.

"Christ," he growled in her ear. "I'm so fucking hard again."

"Come here," she moved her body under his. "Say that again, only whisper it in my ear."

Peeta lifted the corner of his mouth in a little grin as he pressed his lips up to her ear, "Katniss," his sultry whisper fluttered against her ear, "I am so fucking hard for you right now."

A shaky, "Aaaaoooh," came out of her.

"Are you wet Katniss?" He found that he could really get into this whole dirty talk thing she was such a fan of. "Are you swollen?" He pecked at her bottom lip. "Hot?"

"Yes," it came out in a tremulous sigh.

"Weren't we just apologizing for doing this?" He glimpsed at her before running his hands down the sides of her body. "I'm not going to say I'm sorry this time." Their lips met and parted. "This time I'm going to take as much as you'll give." She shuddered beneath him as he pressed the full weight of his body into her. "How much are you willing to give me, Katniss?"

"You can have anything you want," and he could. There was no doubt in her mind that if he asked her to do some crazy, kinky thing, she'd

most likely do it. "Good Lord, kiss me already and then take your damn clothes off," she barked her frustrated order at him.

Their kiss immediately grew heated, their hands began to roam everywhere and anywhere. The top button of her pajama shirt was flicked open with Peeta's expert fingers.

The lights flashed on a second after the door was thrown open. "Son of a bitch!" Katniss and Peeta's heads whipped towards the sound of their mentor standing in the doorway. "Break it up. We need you two in the Command Center."

Katniss glared dangerously at Haymitch. "Now!?" Lord how she hated her mentor's impeccable sense of timing.

"Yeah, now sweetheart," Haymitch answered. "There's a guard out here to escort Peeta there. Let me know when you two are...ready." Haymitch stepped out, and called through the door quite loudly, "HURRY UP AND PUT YOUR CLOTHES BACK ON!"

"Oh my God," Katniss buttoned the top button of her pajamas. "Do I look naked to you?" She hopped out of bed and went for her pants. "I'm dressed. You're dressed," she fumed.

Pointing out that they were barely dressed seemed sort of moot to Peeta. All he could do was hide the laughter that threatened to bubble up behind a cough.

Their trip to the Command Center brought terrifying news, and released the hijacked version of Peeta Mellark onto Katniss. Whatever plans Katniss may have had of resuming their current relationship status they were immediately put to rest when Peeta blamed her for President Snow taking out his revenge on the rebels still being held at the Capitol, and the bombs that fell on Thirteen for three straight days.

